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AMERICANS IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, April 11, 1899.

The flood of pupils' concerts about which I spoke in my last communication has not yet burst its dam, but it is only a question of a few days when the poor music-weary critics and students will be literally deluged with these semi-public affairs, at which the enthusiasm of the performers (when they are not half-dead with nervousness) is often far in excess of their accomplishments.

One of the American teachers who will have splendid results to show at the annual public "examinations" of the celebrated Stern Conservatory is Mr. David A. Levett, connected with the institution since last year.

Mr. Levett cared little for the existing prejudice here against American teachers, and with rare insight and judgment he realized that they are even necessary at institutions where there are many American pupils and few teachers that speak English.

He explained this to Gustav Hollaender, the director of Stern's Conservatory, a long-headed man, possessed of all that shrewd business capacity usually denied to musicians. Mr. Hollaender saw the force of the American's argument, and as a result Mr. Levett received a remunerative appointment on the teaching staff of the leading music school in Berlin, to the great astonishment of those Americans who had thought such a contingency utterly unlikely.

Mr. Hollaender was at first somewhat doubtful as to the advisability of this new departure, but results quickly justified Mr. Levett's engagement. American pupils who preferred their instruction in English flocked to the new teacher's classes, and the strong bond of nationality and natural sympathy was not without its potent effect on the enthusiasm and diligence of the pupils.

Mr. Levett has paved the way for other Americans of pluck and energy, and there is now a new outlet for the abilities of the many talented Americans who graduate here every season from the classes of the numerous private teachers and conservatories.

Mr. Otis B. Boise, a resident of Berlin for many years, is another of our countrymen who has successfully invaded a field that was long considered the exclusive domain of the German pedagogue; namely, the field of theoretical instruction.

The native professors found it extremely difficult to make their long and intricate demonstrations (so necessary in the German system of theoretical instruction in music) intelligible to students who understood hardly anything of the German language, and it is a fact that many of the instructors sought to remedy this by studying English. Some of the piano pedagogues also, actuated by a prodigious respect for the seductive American dollar, have studied English; but, of course, it bears little resemblance to the Simon-pure article.

Prof. Barth, Prof. Jedliczka, Prof. Raif and Prof. Joachim have put in arduous hours at syntax, irregular verbs, and the pronunciation of the words "the," "cough" and "phthisic," with results more or less satisfactory.

I remember one occasion on which a certain young lady from San Francisco gave a piano-recital at the Singakademie. Her teacher (one of the above-named piano pedagogues) was present, and after the conclusion of the last piece, rushed into the artists' room to congratulate his pupil.

"Very goot, very goot, mein dear Faulein, but the Chopin nocturne—oh, the nocturne—you must more heart, you must more heart."

Mr. Boise's presence in Berlin was the signal for a stampede to his classes of most of the American students, and for a great many years (nine or ten, I believe) he has easily held the position of leading instructor in harmony, theory and composition.

Mr. Boise's successes have been too numerous to be reviewed in their entirety, but some of the recent ones might be mentioned as illustrative of the great and glorious work he has been doing.

Howard Brockway, Ethelbert Nevin, Geo. Nevin, Ernest Carter, Marguerite Melville, Otto Floersheim and Edward F. Schneider were all pupils of Mr. Boise. Truly a shining record, and one that speaks for itself more eloquently than would columns of my praise.

There are other successful American teachers here, mention of whom I shall reserve for a future letter.



Mr. Edward F. Schneider, who, together with his young, beautiful and talented Danish wife (formerly Miss Rose Adler, of Copenhagen), will soon return to the United States, is one of the most talented of all our American composers.

His songs have been published by several Berlin publishers, and sung on numerous public occasions by prominent local singers.

He has had a number of offers for his sonata for piano and violin, for his trio for piano and strings, and for his new string sextet (the latter soon to receive its first New York production at a concert of the Richard Arnold String Sextet), but he has been in no hurry to publish.

Mr. Schneider is a distinctly American composer, for though he follows the classical composers in form, his melodies, and particularly his rhythms, are idiomatic enough to form a *genre* by themselves.

It is safe to say that he will be a welcome addition to the sparse ranks of composers in America.

The accompanying illustration represents Josef Hoffman, young Grimson (Joachim's most talented pupil) and your correspondent, indulging in a musical lark after playing Rubinstein's B flat trio at a private musicale.

Hoffman insists on playing the violin in 'cello position, Grimson imitates Hoffman at the piano, and your correspondent is evidently undaunted by the size of his violin, ordinarily a 'cello.

RUNTIST.

Prof. Sweeney Dead.—Prof. John R. Sweeney, the well-known composer of hymns, died in Chester, Pa., on April 10. His best known piece was "Beulah Land."

Yale Music Lecture.—Prof. Horatio W. Parker, the head of the music department at Yale College, lectured last week in College Street Hall on "The Modern Orchestra." Though bad weather interfered with the attendance, quite a large number of listeners gathered and greatly appreciated Prof. Parker's scholarly and vital demonstrations.

Loyal Louisville.—Miss Marguerite Caldwell, about whose accomplishments the Louisville papers had much to say of late, made her professional debut in her native city last week, and achieved success sufficient to justify all the flattering advance notices. Miss Caldwell has a lyric soprano voice, which is said to be beautifully placed, and especially adapted to modern Italian music, of the Leoncavallo, Puccini and Mascagni pattern.

AMERICANS IN FLORENCE.

No. 4 VIA CAMPOREGGI, FLORENCE.

Miss Harriet Gertrude Goddard, one of Boston's leading sopranos, is in Florence studying grand opera with Sig. Vannini. In America Miss Goddard was a pupil of the well-known teacher and choirmaster, Mr. Arthur Hubbard. Before deciding upon a course of study in Europe, she had already occupied a number of prominent positions as a choir singer in and about Boston, the last of which was that of soprano in the Union Church, at Worcester. She has likewise made a number of highly successful appearances in concert and opera. Among the latter I may mention her artistic rendering of the part of Germaine, in the "Chimes of Normandy," at the Bijou Theatre, by the Boston Church Choir Opera Company, in January of last year; of which the Boston "Globe" spoke as follows: "Of Miss Goddard's beautiful voice too much in praise cannot be said, for its power does not, as is often the case, detract from its sweetness and brilliancy, and the pleasure of the audience was manifested in strongly requested encores and floral gifts."

A young American contralto—Miss Whitelaw—who received first honors at the annual examination of the Royal Musical Institute, in Florence, last July, over the Italian students—a rare honor, indeed, and worthy of record in the annals of what our students are doing abroad—was recently invited to sing for Sig. Scalaberni, the well-known impresario. After having heard her sing a number of arias from the operas of Pacini, Rossini and Meyerbeer, he at once made her a flattering offer to sing in a representation of Donizetti's "La Favorita," which he was about to give. As only a week's time was accorded her in which to study this important rôle, Miss Whitelaw prudently declined making her first appearance in opera before an Italian public without more mature preparation.

She has a powerful contralto voice, of pleasing and excellent quality, and her studies have evidently been prosecuted with an intelligent conception of the fullest requirements of a vocalist who aspires to achieve the highest distinction. If her histrionic ability is equal to the charm of her personal appearance and her singing capacity, she is sure to attain an eminent place among our rising American artists.

R. H. TUTTLE.

PEROSI NO WONDER.

At last New York has had a chance to judge for itself of the status as a composer of Don Lorenzo Perosi, the young Italian priest-composer, whose oratorios have been inflaming the easily kindled enthusiasm of his countrymen to a point so frenetic, that within a few months the entire civilized world was not only aware of the existence of this hitherto unknown aspirant to the unclaimed crowns of Bach and Palestrina, but was most anxious to hear some of the works that had inspired such indiscriminate eulogy.

Berlin was the first important city to throw a note of discord into the general chorus of praise, but even this did not daunt the young man's many friends, who continued to scream his praises louder than ever, and unblushingly to dub him the Italian Wagner, and the musical savior who had arisen to guide ecclesiastical music into channels commensurate with modern progress and development.

However, we in New York are wont to look askance on Berlin's musical criticisms. It is difficult to put faith in the judgment of a horde of musical scribes, who for years had in their midst an orchestra conducted by one Bilse, containing such men as Isaye, Thomson, Halir and Hekking, and who entirely failed to realize the exceptional eminence of any of these men (all of whom were frequently heard in solos); who tore Paderewski into tatters on his first appearance in Berlin (before he had achieved his Parisian and London successes) and called him "a meaningless pounder, that claws the keys;" who unanimously jumped on the most successful opera of recent times, Puccini's "La Bohème," and who became hysterical over Burmeister, the violinist whose equal American critics found in several of our home orchestras.

However, though Berlin saw clearly this time, it deserves very little credit, for the "Resurrection of Lazarus," produced on Sunday night at the Metropolitan Opera House, proved conclusively that Perosi is not a marvel, nor even a very talented composer, that his "boom" was exaggerated and ridiculously inflated, and—that the sly old fox, Ricordi, of Milan, has known only one superior as a managerial promoter, and that man was Phineas T. Barnum, whose methods the shrewd Italian has duplicated most successfully.

There are a bushel of reasons why "Lazarus" is not a great work, and why its composer is merely an ordinarily talented young man, with refined musical instincts, and of some thorough theoretical knowledge, but in place of inflicting on our readers learned diatribes against Perosi's orchestration, handling of vocal parts, barrenness of melodic invention, and looseness of construction, I shall cite an expressive anecdote that contains within itself, and within one word, the entire criticism that I have to offer.

Liszt was once conversing with a friend about Reinecke (he whose compositions are more remarkable for quantity than quality).

"There are just six reasons why Reinecke will never be great," remarked the friend.

"And they are?" inquired Liszt.

"The first," continued the friend, "is that he lacks inspiration; the second—"

"Enough, enough," cried Liszt; "spare me the other five; they are superfluous."

Dangerous Man.—From an article in the Chicago "Musical Critic," it appears that a man named St. Encken, "tenor, teacher, manager, W. W. Thomas Agency, etc., etc.," is a most dangerous character in Chicago's musical life. According to the same paper, "this man, St. Encken, also blatantly heralds to his male admirers an invitation to visit his room as he makes the lady applicants 'undergo his routine of examination.' A great many complaints have come to our ears regarding the proposals and 'examinations' made by this man (?) to young ladies who have called at his office seeking positions." It seems strange that such a person cannot quickly be run down by the police. There are some like him in New York, too.

"THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

Dudley Buck's Musical Setting for Sir Edwin Arnold's Poem.

BROOKLYN, April 17, 1899.

For more than a quarter of a century Dudley Buck has resided in Brooklyn. Fourteen years ago he completed a superb musical setting for Sir Edwin Arnold's epic poem, "The Light of Asia." The work was published in London and presented there over ten years ago. Lillian Nordica was one of the soloists.

In 1888, and again in 1889, the oratorio was sung in America, for the first time at Newark, N. J., by the Harmonic Society, of that city, the third oldest choral body in the United States. Edward Morris Bowman, now a resident of Brooklyn and organist of the Baptist Temple, conducted the work at both presentations in Newark.

Thanks to the square men composing the Board of the Brooklyn Institute, we heard the oratorio in Brooklyn for the first time last Thursday night. The concert was given at the Academy of Music by the Brooklyn Oratorio Society; Walter Henry Hall, conductor. The soloists were Mrs. Marie R. Zimmerman, Ben Davies and Gwilym Miles. An orchestra of forty men, with Gustav Dannreuther as concertmeister, assisted.

The Academy was crowded, and there was great enthusiasm shown for all concerned in the splendid performance.

The score abounds in many beautiful passages and numbers, both lyric and dramatic. One does not listen in vain for the Oriental coloring which fittingly depicts the story of the noble Prince Siddhartha and the lovely Yasodhara. The parts for these two characters, written for tenor and soprano, were sung by Mr. Davies and Mrs. Zimmerman in fine style.

Mr. Miles, who is a baritone and not a basso, did not succeed so well with his numbers, designed for a heavy, deep voice.

The work of the chorus and orchestra was very satisfactory.

The music of "The Light of Asia" is written in three sections, including in all twenty-nine numbers, for soprano, tenor, basso and chorus. The orchestration is masterly. It takes two full hours and a half to complete the work.

Must another fourteen years elapse before the residents of Manhattan or Boston will have an opportunity to hear this glorious work?

The green-eyed musical monster is the most terrible specimen of his fiendish tribe.

EMMA TRAPPER.

THAT NAUGHTY BACCHANALE.

Even sluggish old Boston was stirred by the famous ballet, which concludes the second act of Mancinelli's "Ero e Leandro." A wicked Boston critic wrote: "We shall have to thank Sig. Mancinelli for stirring up old memories with his ballet in the second act. It made me think of two years ago, when the Bacchante tripped it in the Public Library courtyard, and of the breeze her gyrations caused among certain people here. The Bacchantes in this new opera early become a prey to the fumes of wine, and their pretty posturings came to a too speedy end for my taste, for the "Ero e Leandro" ballet music is one of the most fetching numbers; but, of course, the audience could not expect an encore of the scene on which the curtain discreetly fell."

Maine Club Festival.—The Schumann Club, of Bangor, one of the most progressive music organizations in New England, is now making preliminary arrangements for a festival of Maine music, to be given in City Hall on a date in early May; although the complete plans are not yet ready for announcement, it will not be long, if all goes well, before matters with relation to the great event will be well under way.

Monday Evening Musicales.—That excellent New York musical organization known as the Monday Evening Musicales, under the direction of Mrs. Ismar Ellison, concluded its season successfully with a very interesting and brilliant musicale, given last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolf, No. 56 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street. The excellent programme, of which every number was well done, was participated in by Mrs. Giovanna Baumgarten, Miss R. McKensie, Mrs. Ismar Ellison, Mr. C. Wolff, Miss Edna Stern, Miss A. T. Levi, Miss Ray Levison, Mrs. Ostram Renard, Dr. Julius Wolff, Mr. Andrew Schneider, Mr. Louis Markwald and Mr. Oswald Cohen.

CARREÑO RECITAL.

On Saturday afternoon, Mme. Carreño bade her legion of admirers to a piano-recital at Chickering Hall, and hosts of them not only appeared, but also testified their appreciation palpably and enthusiastically. It was a reception the warmth of which must have been after Mme. Carreño's own heart.

The brilliant pianist had chosen a difficult programme cast in conventional lines, containing the names of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, etc., arranged in the customary order.

Mme. Carreño's pianism was of the same high standard to which she accustomed us in her previous American tours. It cannot be said of her, like of many other distinguished pianists, that she plays better at a recital than with orchestra, or vice versa. Mme. Carreño shines in a delicate Chopin nocturne or a sombre Brahms creation as brilliantly as she does in the massive Tchaikowsky concerto, or the spirited one of Grieg. She is a cosmopolitan player, who interprets masterfully the music of all nationalities, and of every mood.

The Beethoven "Sonata quasi una Fantasia," was played with due appreciation of its title and of the evident intent of the composer. There was freedom of expression and much phantasy, but with the artistic moderation that Mme. Carreño possesses in abundance, in spite of her overwhelming temperament, her interpretation lacked neither breadth, dignity, nor reverence.

The Brahms variations on a theme by Händel, containing technical and rhythmical difficulties that have staggered many a male pianist, were the superlative achievement of the afternoon. Herein Mme. Carreño revealed the full extent of her superb musicianship and extraordinary virtuosity, and after the brilliant conclusion she received a veritable ovation. It seems only just to speak a word here for the Chickering piano, which played an important rôle in the tonal and dynamic variety that Mme. Carreño lent her performance of this taxing Brahms work.

The Chopin B flat scherzo was given a dramatic reading, shot through with gleaming color, and brilliancy. In such music Mme. Carreño is peerless, and, indeed, she has few equals in other kinds of music as well.

There was nothing equivocal about the enthusiasm of the large audience.

Mme. Carreño's second and last recital took place on Tuesday afternoon, and again she succeeded in stirring her listeners to utmost enthusiasm. Her noblest performances on this occasion were of the Schumann "Études Symphoniques" and two Chopin polonaises. She seemed to be exceptionally well disposed, and there was an element of enthusiasm, of irresistible vim in her playing, that stimulated even the most sluggish of her auditors into appreciative demonstrations, the like of which had not been seen or heard for many a day in Chickering Hall.

J. H. C.

Bull Off for Europe.—Alexander Bull, the violinist and a son of Ole Bull, sailed on the Lucania to pass the summer season in Norway. He will spend his leisure months at the old family place, Valestrand, near Bergen, and intends to return in October for a concert tour in Minnesota, South Dakota and on the Pacific coast. His trips through the Northwest this season have been highly successful.

Louisville Festival.—The "Post" says: "The Music Festival will be a season of great performances. The managers have been most generous in their engagement of the soloists, but these soloists are needed to give perfection and completion of the work of the chorus and the orchestra. The greatest night will be the last, Wednesday, May 10. Sembrich will mark the opening night by her first appearance. The programme insures a success from the beginning."

Pappenheim Pupils.—The date of Mme. Pappenheim's annual concert with some of her professional and advanced pupils has been definitely fixed to take place in Chickering Hall, New York, April 25. It is pleasant to observe that the programme has been arranged with due regard for the claims of American composers. Mme. Pappenheim promises some surprises at this concert, in the way of rarely talented débutantes.

Cleveland Band.—Cleveland now has a concert band of which much may be expected. It has been organized by Mr. Max Faetkenheuer, who has gathered fifty of the best musicians in the city under his leadership. Forty of these came from his Centennial band and the Naval Reserve band, and the other ten players have been drawn from the other city bands. The new organization will be known as the National band of Cleveland. All the winter it has been holding weekly rehearsals and it has already reached a high degree of proficiency.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Owing to the considerable increase in the volume of business, the offices of

Music Trades and Musical America

will be REMOVED on Thursday, April 27, 1899, to

24 UNION SQUARE (directly opposite the present location).

LEHNBACH'S PORTRAIT OF LISZT.

Appended is an interesting facsimile of Liszt's portrait, done by the great German painter, Franz Lehnbach, in 1884.

Of his work, Balduin Groller, a distinguished art critic, once wrote: "As in his student days he copied the works of Giorgioni, Titian or Velasquez, so now he copies the individual whom he is painting; and as he was not content in the first instance to obtain only the outward effect of the old master, but tried to get at the soul of the picture, so in the latter instance he not only paints the empty shell, but also the soul that gives it life. The human face, as the mirror of the soul, was to him the most important problem."

In Liszt the painter found a grand subject, but had his work been done fifteen years sooner, he would have presented the world with a picture far more vital and convincing.

In 1884 Liszt was seventy-three years old, and all who knew him well say that his mental powers were fast fading, and that this decay showed very plainly in the expression of his features.

He was peevish, excessively nervous, and unwilling to converse long on any subject, except that of the greatness of his musical works and himself.

His battles had been won; he had made himself the social equal of nobles and princes, and Berlioz and Wagner had secured lasting niches in the temples of art.

In Lehnbach's conception there is much of the daring and determination that ever marked Liszt's character, but Time's influence is only too apparent. The lines have softened; the outlines, though bold, are not as clearly defined as on the early portraits of the young man who at eleven years of age was already the musical sensation of Paris, and the eyes have lost much of their brilliancy, even if nothing of their soulfulness.

The picture is interesting, however, as one of the last that was made of the great man. He died two years later, in 1886.

MUSIC TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

The New York State Music Teachers' Association has engaged the following musicians and essayists for its annual convention, to take place at Albany in June:

Vocalists—Sopranos, Miss Kathrin Hilke, New York; Mrs. Harvey Wickham, Middletown. Mezzo-sopranos, Miss Edith Cushman, Fonda; Miss Anna McLaughlin, Indianapolis, Ind. Mezzo-contralto, Miss Marie Parcello, New York. Contralto, Miss Olive Pulis, Troy. Tenors, Dr. Ion Jackson, New York; Mr. Hobart Smock, New York; Mr. Harry Thomas, Rochester. Baritones, Mr. Fred C. Comstock, Troy; Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, New York; Mr. Louis A. Strempel, Albany.

Instrumentalists—Pianists, Mr. W. H. Barber, New York; Mr. W. Berwald, Syracuse; Miss Harriette Brower, Albany; Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, New York; Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Harvey Wickham, Middletown. Organists, Mr. Will C. Macfarlane, New York; Mr. Sumner Salter, New York. Violinists, Mr. Charles Ehrlicke, Albany; Mr. J. Martin Gray, Saratoga; Miss Elsa Von Moltke, New York. Cellist, Mr. Hans Kronold, New York.

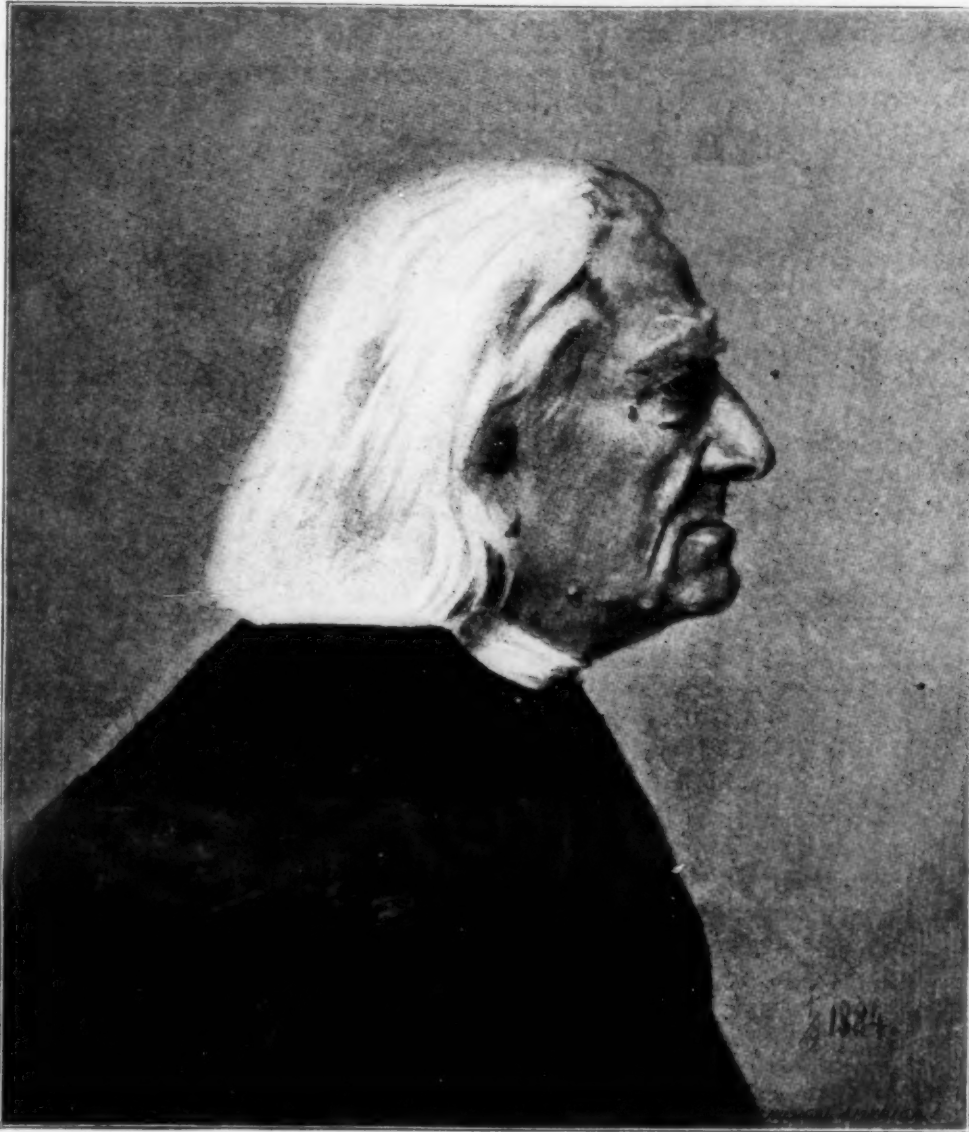
Essayists—Miss Kate Chittenden, New York; Mr. Charles Landon, Lynchburg, Va.; Mr. Silas G. Pratt, New York; Miss H. Estelle Woodruff, New York.

Special Performances—"The Persian Garden," by the following artists: Miss Kathrin Hilke, soprano; Miss Marie Parcello, contralto; Dr. Ion Jackson, tenor; Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, baritone; Miss Kate Stella Burr, pianist. "The Soul of a Song," concert-entertainment, by Silas G. Pratt, with sixty stereopticon views.

Hoffman Song Recital.—Miss Hildegard Hoffman, favorably known in New York, gave a song recital in Brooklyn last week, of which the "Eagle" said: "The recital showed that the young singer has made notable progress during the past year. Her voice has grown in brilliancy of tone and in power."

Lehmann Recital.—Mme. Lehmann has decided that she cannot tear herself away from New York without vouchsafing her admirers a final chance to hear her in another song-recital, the very, very last. Does Mama Lehmann want a set of earrings to go with that diamond pendant? The recent recital was called her farewell recital—presumably because she fared so well. The very, very last concert is announced to take place on April 22, at Carnegie Hall.

Philippine Music.—Philippine music is becoming popular in Washington. Returning voyagers from the far distant islands have introduced it. Like the Hawaiian, it is distinctive and characteristic of the national life of the people, though without doubt an adaptation of the sweet and melancholy music of the Spaniards. Flute, violin and harp are the favorite instruments, as in the Italian, but it is not like the animated music of Italy. The liveliest strains of the Filipinos are pathetic and melancholy in tone. So, too, are the titles of most of their musical compositions, as, for instance, "The Last Days of Summer," "The Wail of a Lost Soul," "The Approach of Autumn."



From the Pall Mall Magazine.

RUBINSTEIN CLUB CONCERT.

Each new concert given by the Rubinstein Club, under the direction of Mr. Wm. R. Chapman, serves but to strengthen the impression made at their initial appearance this season, namely, that in their particular field they know no superior.

The concert at the Waldorf-Astoria, on Thursday of last week, again attracted a large, fashionable and appreciative audience, who listened interestedly to a programme that had been compiled with rare discretion and taste.

In the larger choral numbers, "Song of the Skylark," by Lachner; "King René's Daughter," by Henry Smart; "From Venice," by Reinecke, and "Love and Mirth," by Max Vogrich, the singers displayed their customary precision and rhythm, and their director his masterful control and keen appreciation of dynamic values and color balance. It was by far the best choral work done by any New York organization this season.

The solo work fell to Mrs. Eva Gardner Coleman, Miss Carrie Bridewell, Miss Cushing and others, all of whom shared honors with the chorus.

Mrs. Coleman sang charmingly a group of short songs, and in Chapman's "Ave Maria" (performed by request) both she and Miss Bridewell, who possesses a remarkably rich contralto voice, covered themselves with well-deserved glory.

Mr. Chapman's song, "Singing of You," proved to be one of the best musical bits of the evening.

That Mr. Chapman's work is fully appreciated by those whom it most benefits, was proved by the beautiful presentations made after the concert. The Gounod Society, of New Jersey, presented him with a tremendous laurel wreath, and the Rubinstein Club gave him a magnificent diamond pin. Some of the leaves in that wreath certainly belong to Mrs. Chapman, whose constant interest, unremitting energy, and practical advice and work have been potent factors in the success of the Rubinstein Club, as well as in all the other important enterprises of her husband.

WEINGARTNER WRITES.

His Opinion of Schubert and Brahms.

Weingartner, the eminent German conductor, has been giving his opinions of composers to readers of the "Fortnightly Review." Here is what he says of Brahms and Schubert: "How far Brahms belongs to the immortals it is impossible to say as yet; we are still in the period of the funeral orations in his honor. There is no doubt that many who are not blind adorers of his would feel more sympathy with Brahms' works if he had not been put forward as a counterweight against Wagner—and, again, if he had not been placed on a level with Bach and Beethoven. This last conceit originated in the well-known witticism of Bülow about the three B's, which, after all, arose from a merely personal motive. Bülow would never have dreamt of becoming a champion of Brahms but for his own painful breach with Wagner. I can not conceive how it is that there are still people so ill-humored as to think Schubert's C major symphony too long; nay, even to ask for cuts to be made in it. I am not of their opinion, and I own that whenever I hear this work well conducted, or when I conduct it myself, I always experience the most happy sensations, and am absolutely intoxicated with music. It produces on me the effect as of flight through a bright ether."

PHILHARMONIC PLANS.

The Philharmonic Society of New York has already announced the dates of its eight public rehearsals and concerts next season. The opening dates are November 17 and 18, and the final ones April 6 and 7. The Philharmonic Society is to meet a short time hence and apportion among its members the proceeds of the year 1898-99. These profits, though of generous amount (last year they reached the sum of \$380 for every one of the hundred or so members of the orchestra), would doubtless be comfortably increased were the curious system of the London Philharmonic Society in vogue here. The English society never pays anything to soloists, though it secures the best in the market. Tradition, which often binds with as much force as law in England, decrees that solo artists shall perform with the London Philharmonic Orchestra purely for the fun or the glory of it.

At the coming meeting of the New York Philharmonic Society, the important duty of electing a conductor for the ensuing year will be taken up. Indications are that Mr. Emil Paur, who has done admirable service during the past year, will be re-elected. It is to be hoped that he will accept, and it is likely that he will. No other man in sight is so much needed here musically as Mr. Paur.

We Are Not Alone.—An excellent little periodical makes its appearance at this office from time to time. It is the "Choir Journal," published in Boston, by the B. F. Wood Music Co. It is working along right lines, and is an effective missionary for good music in the churches.

Lehmann's Thanks.—Mme. Lilli Lehmann has sent a card to the newspapers to express, more adequately than was possible at her last recital, her thanks for the present given her on that occasion, and for all the kindness shown her by the New York public. "It is not a mere empty phrase," she writes, "when I declare that my art, my singing and acting, are an echo of the stimulus which the public's appreciation gives."



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MORE CONSTRUCTIVES—THE MUSICAL SERVICE.

Do you know that the pastor of a prominent church in one of our largest cities recently resigned because he could not find time to attend to his pastoral duties and prepare two sermons for each Sunday, and because the evening service had, nowadays, to be especially attractive in order to insure the attendance of a corporal's guard? It was necessary, in his estimation, to have either a yellow sermon or a musical service, if a pastor did not wish to fail utterly. His parishioners let him go rather than give up this second service.

As to the value of the minister's decision, and the reasons therefor adduced by him, we are not prepared to judge, but from some considerable experience we are sure that good music is an attraction, and we know that many churches have set aside a service at regular intervals to be devoted wholly or in great part to music, and to be known by the title of this effusion.

This is highly commendable, in that it affords an objective point in the choir's rehearsals, gives the laymen a chance to become better acquainted with the possibilities of sacred music, and attracts those generally considered outside the influence of the church.

There is always danger, however, of a musical service degenerating into a merely sacred concert, than which there can be no baser application of the art. Most musicians will promptly answer the query, "What is sacred music?" by "All good music." Yet, in its connection with the church, music is often made suggestive of things all too secular.

The fundamental idea of any one who is called on, or wishes, to plan a musical service must in the nature of the case be the development and treatment of a given subject or theme. Imagine a man sitting down to write a story about Alaska and ending up by producing a work on Chinese exploration. Yet that is in effect what many "musical services" amount to. We have "seen with our eyes" many a printed order of service containing just such a musical antithesis as the Jubilate (any composer you choose), Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave" and Costa's "I Will Extol Thee, O God" would produce, and such occasions are often marked by a pulpit discussion of the "Christian Business Man," or some equally relevant matter. The pastor can almost always be induced to lend his co-operation on such an occasion to the extent of a sermon on "Church Music" (and who has ever known one who had not any abundant store of ideas on this subject? They are not always valuable, but they are voluble and available). A very little tact will insure his reference therein to the fact that the anthem is intended to illustrate the composer's ability to depict human "hope," the offertory "faith," the hymn "fear of future punishment," etc., and the result will be the attention of the hearers to the texts and the truths they contain, rather than to the music per se.

The cantata form has become exceedingly popular within the last few years, and justly so, for there being scarcely a narrative contained in the Scriptures that has not been musically treated, we are supplied with a sure source of inspiration for the pulpit, and the problem of a unity of thought is thus easy of solution. To the conductor of a volunteer chorus their use will be found to result in:

1. A greater technical efficiency in the routine work of the choir than any amount of study on abstract anthems.
2. The attraction of many new auditors and a consequent opportunity for the enlargement of the Church's sphere of usefulness.
3. A consistent and effective conversion of many whom the Church could reach in no other way.
4. An esprit du corps among the participants that comes of any logically conducted co-operative undertaking.

If any choirmaster will experiment with this form of church music he will find it resulting in the popularity of his choir loft among singers in addition to the items above mentioned. Adequate soloists are, of course, necessary to any cantata service, but the expenditure they may entail will be found to result richly.

A clever minister will not fail to appreciate these results and in due season embrace the opportunity afforded him of getting into personal relation with the newcomers, either by seeking them out after the services or instructing his under-shepherds so to do.

One great advantage of musical services is that they afford an opportunity of obtaining printed orders of service, thus furnishing every one present with the texts of

the works sung. This will often lead to not only an appreciation of the value of this feature of a musical service, but to a demand for its adoption in all the services of which music forms a part.

Speaking of cantatas, organist-composers should appreciate the necessity for accompaniments that are organ-like, yet many contemporary American and English composers are producing works with namby pamby piano scores, that we doubt if they could produce off-hand on the organ to save their lives. "Oh," they say, "I scored the work for orchestra, and the piano score is a faithful condensation of that." Yes, truly, for piano; but you know the works will find their largest use in church choirs; so why cannot you make that condensation so that it can be intelligently produced on the organ by any man of fair musical attainments. Many works that are to-day unsalable would be in demand but for the limitations of the organist who desires to use them.

And, Messrs. Music Committeemen, do you wish a successful and popular (if not most effective) choir? Visit some church where these musical services are being given, study the effect of them on those in attendance, report to your pastor (if it be impossible for him to see and hear for himself), and then give the matter thought. We have not a doubt as to your decision.

And, finally, pastors (particularly of our large city churches), where are your parishioners Sunday afternoons or evenings? They are almost all with you mornings, are they not? Are they at home? If at musical services, would they be attracted there if they felt they were missing what they needed more in their home church? We trow not. But we do feel that it is your privilege to claim all that is helpful in church music for your assistance. Your opportunity to partake in the enlargement of musical possibilities, and your duty to aid the earnest and willing men and women in your choir lofts in eliminating that which is deleterious and meretricious.

VOX ORGANI.

AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

The American Guild of Organists held its annual meeting on April 13, in the Chapel of the South Dutch Church, Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street, New York, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Honorary president, Gerrit Smith; warden, Sumner Salter; sub-warden, Walter Henry Hall; chaplain, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.; secretary, Abram Ray Tyler; registrar, Walter C. Gale; treasurer, Frank Taft; librarian, Kate Chittenden; auditors, C. Whitney Coombs and G. Waring Stebbins; councillor to fill vacancy until 1901, Leo Kofler; councillors for three years, R. Huntington Woodman, Walter John Hall, S. Tudor Strang, Charles H. Morse and Clifford Demarest.

The following were elected as honorary vice-presidents: J. C. D. Parker, Geo. W. Chadwick and Wallace Goodrich, of Boston; Prof. Waldo S. Pratt, of Hartford, and Rev. Julius G. Bierck, of Philadelphia.

The reports submitted by the various officers concerning the work during the year past showed a marked degree of progress and prosperity.

The first public service held in Boston on the evening of April 10, at the Central Congregational Church, was reported by the warden to have been a very gratifying success. The vocal music of the service was rendered by a quartet choir, under the direction of the organist of the church, Mr. Geo. A. Burdett, and consisted of the following selections: "O, Send Out Thy Light," Calkin; "Magnificat," in E flat, H. W. Parker; "Thou, O Lord, Art Praised," B. Luard Selby; "Tell It Out Among the People," Travers; "The Redeemed of the Lord Shall Return" (Redemption Hymn), J. C. D. Parker, and "God, That Madest Earth and Heaven," Naylor.

Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston, played a prelude of Bach and fugue by Schumann for the opening voluntary, and Mr. Sumner Salter, of New York, played the last three movements of Mendelssohn's first organ sonata for the concluding voluntary.

The second service will be held on the 25th inst., in the Shawmut Church, with a quartet and mixed chorus, under the direction of Mr. Henry M. Dunham, and the third in the Church of the Advent on May 8, with a boy choir, under the direction of Mr. S. B. Whitney.

Conservatory Burned.—The Morley Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music, in Huntsville, Ont., was burned to the ground last Saturday night. The loss was \$12,000, and the insurance \$6,500. No lives were lost.

Evangelical Concert.—A most enjoyable vocal and instrumental concert was given in the Assembly Hall of the Presbyterian Building, Fifth avenue, corner Twentieth street, New York, by the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, on Friday evening, April 14. The programme consisted of well-known numbers by Rossini, Bizet, Raff, Musin, Pinsuti, Tito, Mattei, etc. The selections were in good taste and ably rendered. A feature of the evening was the playing of Romberg's "Children's Symphony," by young ladies and gentlemen, assisted by Prof. Fuller on the cello. The symphony was in four movements and in imitation of woodland sounds. Mrs. Fuller directed in a way that proved her possessed of no small share of talent as a leader. Mr. Rothmund played Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen" in a beautiful manner, and received able assistance in the accompaniment of his daughter at the piano. The singing of Brahms' well-known "Gypsy Song," by Mme. Ama Eisen, and Mrs. Fuller also received well-earned applause from the large and enthusiastic audience.

Mascagni Busy.—Mascagni, whose "Iris" was all but a complete failure, is at work on a ballet which will be called "The Marionnettes."

Debut of a Soprano.—At the seventh annual entertainment and musicale of the Perseverance Club, Harlem, New York, Miss Rose Sampter Brown made a very successful debut as a most accomplished soprano of sweet voice, and great charm of manner and style. The voice has not yet reached its fullest development, but with further experience, that slight drawback will no doubt be remedied. The audience was unusually enthusiastic.

Grau in Pittsburg.—The sale of even standing room had to be stopped at the first performance of the Maurice Grau Opera Company at the New Grand, Pittsburg, on Monday. The attendance broke all house records, and greatly exceeded Mr. Grau's expectations. The opera was "Lohengrin" in German, with Mme. Nordica as Elsa. The other principals who shared in the generous applause were Mme. Schumann-Heink, M. Jean de Reszke, M. Edouard de Reszke, Mr. David Bispham and M. Leprie Pringle.

Song Birds Sail.—Mme. Melba and the other members of the Ellis Opera Company, which closed its season in Minneapolis, Minn., last Saturday, arrived in New York last Monday. Mme. Melba sailed for Europe the day after, on the "Teutonic," and Mlle. de Lussan and others were booked to leave Saturday, April 22. After a few weeks' stay in Paris, Mme. Melba will go to London to sing at Covent Garden, where her first appearance will be made May 19. She will probably spend the Summer at her house on the Thames.

Philadelphia Concert.—Mr. James Fitch Thomson's third annual concert took place in Philadelphia on April 3, and was a distinct fashionable and artistic success, as was only to be expected. Mr. Thomson had the assistance of Selma Kronold, Agnes Thomson, Emma Osbourne, Nicholas Dauty and Edna Allys Little. The programme, most original in form and contents, contained excerpts from Spinelli's "A Basso Porto," and Liza Lehmann's vegetable song-cycle. Exceptionally complimentary notices, especially regarding the work of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, were printed by the "Ledger," "Record," "Item," "Telegraph," "Press" and "Times."



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DEAR MUSICAL AMERICA:

With the delightful inconsistency so characteristic of your really great artist, Mr. Moriz Rosenthal recently addressed a letter to the editor of a certain musical sheet, for whose practices, at the beginning of the season, he could not find words of condemnation strong enough.

Mr. Rosenthal's plaint was that Mr. Wm. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York "Times," had written several articles about his playing which he considered unjust. Mr. Rosenthal fortified his position by quoting a number of extracts from other articles by Mr. Henderson, which were of a highly laudatory character, in order to convict Mr. Henderson of gross inconsistency, to say the least.

Soon after Mr. Rosenthal's appearance, last October, I took similar ground against Mr. Henderson. Since then, however, I have very considerably modified my opinion on this subject.

No words need be wasted on any discussion as to Mr. Rosenthal's supreme position as a pianist and artist of the highest rank and virtuosity. He is to be compared with no one else. He possesses a strong individuality, which is wholly his own. Of his marvelous technic, splendid virtuosity, fine musical sense and colossal power, so much has been written that nothing can be said at this late date which can in any way alter the verdict long ago rendered.

Putting aside the question as to whether any artist is always at his best, which it is scarcely necessary to say he is not, we come to this dilemma: "Are there times, occasions, moments when Mr. Rosenthal's playing is of such a character as to invite the strictures of the capable and honest critic?"

I would say "yes" to this question, though I would like to know whether Mr. Rosenthal himself is conscious of these marked differences in his playing.

There are times when it seems to me that "nervosity" takes the place of "virtuosity" in his playing; times when he seems so carried away by the impetuosity of his marvelous technic that he takes a composition, especially if it bristles with technical difficulties, at such a furious tempo that everything seems lost in a whirlwind of sound.

Now, there arise several interesting questions:

First: "To what extent is Mr. Rosenthal himself conscious of this?"

Second: "To what extent, if he is conscious, is he himself at times mastered by what I might call 'the delirium of pianistic passion'?"

Third: "Ought the conscientious critic to note these occasional outbursts, or should he be silent and pass them by as among the eccentricities that seem to be inevitably allied with such great genius as Rosenthal undoubtedly possesses?"

Fourth: "Is it possible to possess so much 'temperament' as Rosenthal has and also have it always under perfect control, when we consider the many annoyances, worries, excitements, and even hardships, to which so extremely sensitive a man is sure to be exposed in his artistic work?"

My good friend, Emil Liebling, of Chicago—so called to distinguish him from all other Lieblings—has recently shown a vicious disposition to carp at this paper in the "Ende" and other journals.

Mr. Emil's animus is caused by his belief that in order that his trade-mark on the "Liebling" name may remain unimpaired, all other Lieblings should be duly and inconspicuously squelched.

Mr. Emil takes this extreme attitude towards all the other Lieblings because he is infatuated with the belief that he alone has made the name of Liebling illustrious as musician, litterateur, composer and pianist.

Mr. Emil should be more generous.

His nephew, Leonard, is showing him how to write; while his brother, Georg, will soon be over here and show him how to play.

If Mr. Emil were to claim supremacy over all other Lieblings as a poker player, there could be no difference of opinion as to his capacity, for he can play a bluff game to give points to the devil himself.

The 1st of May will soon be here. This is the day that New Yorkers have set apart for moving from one flat

to another, or from one house to another. On that day the church choirs have their annual shaking up. The church choir year begins on the 1st of May.

For what peculiar reason a migration of singers is made contemporaneous with the migration of furniture, bric-à-brac, pots, pans and pianos, I do not know; but so it is.

The position of church choir singer is not nearly as secure as it used to be. This is due to the fact that so many singers and amateurs come to New York to finish their musical education, and, having to earn their bread meanwhile, will accept a position in a choir for very little salary.

This unfair competition has made it very hard for some of the older singers to retain their places.

The story that Emma Thursby, when she was a choir singer in New York, was paid \$5,000 a year, has gone all over the country, and has done more to inflame the ambition of every village church choir singer than the reports of the fabulous sums paid to Adelina Patti.

* * *

Grau's benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday night is sure to be a bumper. I noticed a line on Broadway three blocks long an hour before the box office opened last Monday. That means that the house will be sold out.

All the leading singers will participate, except Nordica.

I wonder what the reason is that she did not sing?

JOHN C. FREUND.

REMINISCENCES: LEIPZIG FROM '80-'83.

Within a stone's throw of the sullen iron gates which led the stranger away from, rather than directed him towards, the Old Gewandhaus, a short, narrow street lay snugly tucked away where no commercial strife or activity could disturb its repose. Into this little street I strayed, quite accidentally, a few days after my arrival at Leipzig, in the Summer of 1880. Of its few shops, only one attracted my attention; and this one, not because of any uncommon or attractive window display, but because I chanced to see some pineapples, which were particularly alluring to my American palate. In this way I became acquainted with Café Hennesdorf; and several months later I was formally introduced to this little rendezvous for Conservatory students by an old and faithful patron of the place.

The many young fellows that assembled in the dingy smoking-room—and some of these were mere boys—did not consider Café Hennesdorf a mere lounging-place. They went there for earnest discourse; to unburden their hearts of many anxieties; to give expression to hopes which might, or might not, be fulfilled in the uncertain future; to give and receive that sympathy and encouragement so essential to their sensitive natures. Indeed, in that very smoking-room, the corner-stones were laid for many a future triumph; and many of the boys who there dreamed strange dreams, to-day are celebrated men in the world of art.

Felix Weingartner was one of the promising students in the creative field. But that he would one day occupy such an exalted position as an orchestral conductor, did not, in those days, seem within the regions of possibility. As a student, the mechanical effort to use the baton correctly caused him no little difficulty. In fact, he was so awkward, so ill at ease, that his most ardent friends (and I was one of these) predicted for him no future as a conductor. To-day, Felix Weingartner enjoys the distinction of being one of the few orchestral conductors who combine exceptional knowledge and ability with a personal magnetism which colors everything he attempts!

In 1880, the Gewandhaus Orchestra was still considered the most superb organization of its kind in the world. It was an unwritten law, at the Gewandhaus, that all the string-players, barring the cellists, should remain standing during the whole performance. When I revisited Leipzig, in the early part of 1890, and heard the orchestra play in the New Gewandhaus, Reinecke still conducted, in his polite, undemonstrative fashion; the members of the orchestra were, for the most part, the same as of yore, only grown older; and the poor fiddlers still remained standing throughout the whole performance. The orchestra made such a poor showing, that, reluctantly, I was forced to admit its inferiority; and I wondered whether Time had wrought many changes, or whether, like other European institutions, the Gewandhaus Orchestra was resting on its laurels.

Reinecke was not the man to achieve brilliant results. He lacked nearly all those qualities which fit a man for the post of directorship. He was mild and gentle—never a stern disciplinarian.

The Gewandhaus management, or Board of Directors, were remarkably conservative men. They regarded modern composers with suspicion, if not actual contempt. It was, therefore, not to be expected that Wagner's creations would be welcomed by an administration that felt proud of its conservatism and so-called orthodoxy. From the Fall of 1880 till the Spring of 1883, I do not remember having heard any portion of any of Wagner's works performed at the Gewandhaus concerts. Reinecke and his adherents plainly regarded Wagner as an intruder—one who was not to be recognized on any terms whatsoever. This attitude, in the very city which gave Wagner birth, was fortunately confined to what I term the Gewandhaus administration. At the Opera House it was a different affair. There adoration of Wagner was unbounded; and his music-dramas were presented with a piety that was unmistakable.

There was great excitement in Leipzig when the announcement was made that Eugen d'Albert would give a concert at the Old Gewandhaus; for d'Albert had made a

profound impression in Berlin, where the leading artists and critics had pronounced him the "coming" pianist.

When the young artist made his first bow, the Leipzig prophets and wiseacres discovered that his mustache was in its first bloom; and when they found that this young man, who could not, as yet, point triumphantly to one bald spot on his head, was going to play works by Beethoven, they shook their heads and moaned at the presumption of the rising generation. For, be it understood, in Leipzig, just interpretation of Beethoven necessitated, and was in some mysterious way connected with, a bald head. The larger the radius of polished skull exhibited during a performance of Beethoven, the greater the respect an artist obtained from his audience.

Never shall I forget that performance. I have heard d'Albert play in recent, maturer years; but the mighty passion, the exquisite delicacy, the purity of thought which marked his playing on that memorable evening, moved me more profoundly than the riper skill of later years.

Well, the younger artists worshipped a new hero; but the old representatives of orthodoxy tore their hair and predicted the decline, if not total destruction, of the art of piano-playing. When d'Albert again appeared at Leipzig (at a Wagner memorial concert, given in the Opera House), his reputation was so firmly established that he had no need of the eulogies which the Leipzig critics so eagerly bestowed on him.

It was at this concert that I saw Liszt for the last time. A thousand times have I regretted that no American kodak fiend was enabled to get a snap shot at the old master as he listened to his pupil play. His face was as gentle as a child's; and as he smiled approvingly, I wondered whether he was thinking of his own long, triumphal march through the world of art, and picturing young d'Albert as his worthiest successor!

(To be continued.)

GEORGE LEHMANN.

National Conservatory Concert.—The students of the National Conservatory, New York, gave another orchestral concert last Friday, which was neither as well attended, nor as good, artistically, as the ones given in the earlier part of the season.

Heinz Hies Him Home.—Hugo Heinz, the portly baritone, who came from London to show Americans with what little vocal outfit one can pose as a singer, left for England last week, accompanied by his faithful pianist, Frederick Peachy.

Musician's Suicide.—Because his aspirations were not realized, George Russetto, a Russian musician residing in New York, shot himself on Wednesday of last week, in a down-town cheap hotel. He was a highly educated musician and had a number of pupils in New York. The tragedy tells its own tale.

America and Royalty.—Cable despatches to leading New York papers announce that Miss Leonora Jackson, the young American violinist, last week created quite a stir in the musical circles of Paris. At the reception tendered to King Oscar of Norway and Sweden, by the "Figaro," Miss Jackson played by special request, and received a veritable ovation. King Oscar conversed with the talented young woman, and was loud in his expressions of surprise and pleasure.

Gardner Concert.—Miss Grace G. Gardner gave a song-recital at Chickering Hall, New York, on Tuesday evening, assisted by Miss Jessie Shay, Mr. Hans Kronold, and Mr. Max Liebling, accompanist. Miss Gardner sang with more enthusiasm than skill, and needs further experience to gain that full measure of artistic finish which comes only after years of endeavor. However, there was much to commend, especially as regards enunciation and temperament, and Miss Gardner may yet reach the coveted goal. Miss Shay had selected numbers in which technic is more necessary than emotion or intellect, and as her fingers know no difficulties in the mechanism of the keyboard, her performance was marked by extreme brilliancy and finish. Miss Shay knew her audience, however, for she achieved the real success of the evening.

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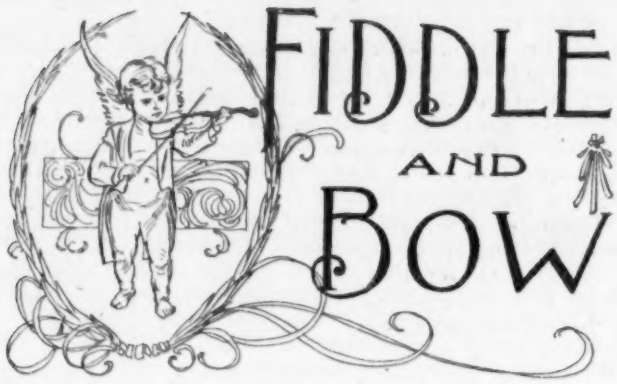


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Two seasons ago, a local manager made the announcement that Julius Klengel, the eminent Leipzig violoncellist, would visit the United States, and that he would be heard at the leading orchestral concerts throughout the country. This promised musical pleasure has, up till the present time, resulted in nothing; and it is to be regretted that an artist of Mr. Klengel's musical dimensions should remain so utterly unknown—even by name—to our music-loving communities.

So many years have elapsed since I last heard Julius Klengel play at one of the Gewandhaus concerts, that I can not more than vaguely remember the character of his work; but it is still very clear in my memory that his technical attainments were nothing less than prodigious. Indeed, Klengel was always spoken of, at Leipzig, as the Paganini of the cello, and I believe he fully merited the eulogy which such a term was intended to convey.

Not content with the opportunities which legitimate cello compositions offered him for the display of his extraordinary technic, Mr. Klengel used to transcribe some of the most difficult violin compositions—such as, for instance, the *Airs Hongrois*, by Ernst—faithfully adhering to the difficulties contained in the original text. His fearless disregard of double-stopping, and even double flageolets, was astounding. With him it was never an attempt to overcome seeming impossibilities; he actually played the most startlingly difficult passages with comparative ease, and his technic was reliable, his intonation, nearly always pure.

I can not remember his manner of bowing, but I have an indistinct recollection of his tone which, unfortunately, was neither large nor very beautiful in quality. In this respect, however, Mr. Klengel has most probably made advancement; for, at the time I last heard him play, he was a very young man, hardly more than twenty-five years of age.

It is to be hoped that arrangements may yet be made to have this "Paganini of the Cello" visit the United States. His marvelous skill may not create such wonderment as in the days when virtuosity impressed American audiences more greatly than genuine musical worth; but I feel convinced that Mr. Klengel would find thousands of admirers in the United States, among thoughtful musicians as well as the more easily satisfied general public.

And this reminds me of that very much overrated Berlin cellist, Hausmann. It is not easy to understand how Mr. Hausmann came to be so highly esteemed in the Prussian capital. True, he has been under Joachim's protecting wing for a great many years, and his connection with the Joachim Quartet is well calculated to elevate him in the opinion of both critic and public. But his shortcomings are so numerous and manifest, that here, in America, he could enjoy no such popularity and esteem as his position has obtained for him in Berlin.

There is nothing in Mr. Hausmann's playing or personality to arouse sympathy or esteem. His tone is raw and displeasing, his technic is transparently insufficient, and his bowing is exceedingly ungainly. In all these years of association with Joachim, Mr. Hausmann has naturally acquired much knowledge of quartet-playing; but as a violoncellist, pure and simple, he has none of those qualities which recommend an artist to an intelligent audience.

Mr. Wirth, another member of the Joachim Quartet, is a quite singular performer, though, like Hausmann, he has had the broadest experience in quartet-playing, and devotes his life chiefly to teaching and the playing of Chamber music. Occasionally, Mr. Wirth has the temerity to appear before the public as a violinist. On one such occasion, not very long ago, one of the Berlin critics spoke of him as "an admirable artist—that is, when he confines his playing to the first position."

I have never heard Mr. Wirth in the capacity of violinist, and of his viola-playing I can only say that it is too crude, too unpolished to give me any degree of pleasure. Though he is supposed to be a very painstaking, and exceedingly earnest teacher, I have heard strange stories in connection with his pedagogical work.

I have been told that the unsuspecting pupil's first lesson with Wirth is a revelation. Though the method is sometimes changed or modified, usually it is as follows: the pupil is pushed against the studio wall, and his right arm is attacked with something like violence. Half an hour or more is spent in taxing his physical and mental endurance, during which time the pedagogue rarely conveys information or advice, but contents himself with strange mutterings and unintelligible pantomime. When the pupil finally makes his escape, and has, in some measure, recovered his equilibrium, his first thought is that he has been in the hands of a madman.

Such is the gist of many stories I have heard regarding Wirth's peculiar methods. It is, of course, possible that these tales have been exaggerated, but I am convinced that Mr. Wirth's mode of procedure would not meet with approval in the United States. Mr. Wirth's friends generally speak of him as a kind and congenial man, and I have met violinists who have assured me that he has excellent knowledge of how to train the right arm, and that he is particularly successful in this direction.

It is astonishing how many amateur violin-makers we have, to-day, in the United States. From Boston to San Francisco, in the smallest and most obscure hamlets, peculiar individuals can be found whose thoughts are perpetually concentrated on the art of fiddle-making. And these individuals are unalterably convinced that they are producing instruments of which the old Italian masters might be proud!

Generally, these ambitious fiddle-makers know nothing of music, have no appreciation of tone-quality, have never given the subject of acoustics the slightest consideration, and have no more knowledge of the real art of constructing a violin than the farmer who tills his soil from break of day till sunset. Many of these men have the skill and cunning of the cabinet-maker, and can show you an instrument which, in outward form, commands respect. The body is nicely proportioned and evidences superior mechanical ability. The scroll is graceful and accurately modeled; and the "F" holes are cut with great care and precision. But that is all. When the instrument is played upon, the essential qualities of violin-tone are found to be conspicuously lacking. These men, as well as professional violin-makers, are only furnishing us with fresh proof that the secret of successful fiddle-making is far removed from mere physical imitation, and that, in all probability, the old masters' secret was closely connected with their knowledge of acoustics.

GEORGE LEHMANN.

SOME SEIDL STORIES.

The Seidl Memorial Book, published not long ago by Scribner & Sons, contains many interesting anecdotes and tributes, most of them contributed by the singers of the Metropolitan Opera House and by artists who were formerly members of that troupe.

Marianne Brandt writes: "I became better acquainted with Seidl in the Summer of 1881. Wagner had sent for me, and asked me to sing Kundry. At that time Wagner was going over the 'Parsifal' score with Seidl, who was the favorite of the whole family. With Seidl I studied Kundry's narrative at Wahnfried, and he played the accompaniment when I sang before Wagner. It was the first time that Wagner heard this part sung by a female voice; his eyes were full of tears. He ran out of the room and called, 'Cosima, Cosima, come quickly; you must hear it!' I had to sing the part again for Mrs. Wagner, and when I had finished, Wagner said: 'What I have done there is not so bad after all.'"

"Wagner was at that time in very good humor, and we often made music after supper. One evening, while Seidl played the piano, Wagner ran suddenly into his library and brought a big book, which he opened and placed on the piano. What was it? Rossini's 'Othello.' Wagner turned the leaves for a while, told Seidl to play this or that air, softly humming the tune. When he found a trio for soprano, tenor and bass, he cried: 'We must sing this!' and we started at once. Wagner sang bass, Seidl the tenor part, and I, Desdemona, soprano. It was a very florid air, where one after the other sings his passages, until all three voices are joined together, and we let them roll out just as they came, of course, almost bursting with laughter. I never again saw Wagner and Seidl so merry as they were that evening."

Signor Campanari reproduces an invitation to supper, in what he calls "purposely ludicrous Italian," sent to him when he traveled as solo attraction with Mr. Seidl's orchestra, signed "Antonio Seidlino," tells how Seidl and he played pianoforte duets at a hotel in an Eastern town, where the concert company were stalled by the breaking down of the locomotive engine, and ends with this extremely characteristic anecdote: "The last time that Mr. Seidl conducted 'Die Meistersinger' (in Italian) at the Metropolitan, I had been intrusted with the part of Kothner. After a scene in the first act, this character does not appear again until the last act, when only the waving of a flag and the singing of a few words fall to his lot, so that this intermission meant several hours of waiting, and my make-up naturally prevented me from sitting in the auditorium and enjoying the opera. I begged Mr. Seidl to excuse me after the first act and allow the flag to be waved by one of the chorus. 'No,' he replied; 'remain for the master's sake! Go to your dressing-room, and I will send you something to keep you company.' I did as he had bidden, and soon after the boy brought a bottle of champagne, two cigars and Seidl's compliments. At the proper moment, during the last act, the original Kothner appeared, and thus Wagner's dignity was upheld at the expense of Mr. Seidl's purse."

Mme. Nordica has this interesting little story: "His learning was so profound and extended to all channels bearing on Wagnerian subjects particularly with such thoroughness that his reasons were irrefutable. He could act out every part in the music dramas, and his exactness extended to the multitude of details accepted as minor, but of such importance. One day, after devoting three hours of his time to me, going over the score of 'Tristan,' we went to a Broadway store to buy a veil for Isolde in the second act. He asked for samples of various kinds of tulle, and when they came, he seized one after another at one end and flitted the other rapidly through the air, to the great astonishment of the shoppers and shopgirls, who were not quite sure whether he was in his right mind. But he knew just what he wanted."

Nevin's Work.—Mr. Ethelbert Nevin has recently been engaged in setting to music some old songs written by his father, Mr. R. P. Nevin, many years ago. When completed, the work will be published under the title of "Songs from Vineacre." Mr. Nevin does his writing nowadays in a little house he calls his workshop. The house is near to, but detached from, the Nevin residence, and with its piano, books and pictures has all the appearance, as it has in fact, the comforts and atmosphere of an artist's studio. Mr. Nevin has in contemplation a concert tour for next Fall that will include a trip to the Pacific coast.



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"SCHNUCKCHEN."

The Tale of a Pianist's Dog.

(Concluded.)

Thus passed ten happy months, with never a quarrel, not even a hasty word between Schnuckchen and me. It was not until I was confined to my room for several weeks with influenza, that Trouble, the insidious brewer, began the preparation of Schnuckchen's draught.

During my illness he was most devoted in his attentions, and only once, when the landlady attempted to remove to the kitchen the remnants of my left overshoe did he leave my bedside. Schnuckchen objected so strongly to the loss of his pet plaything that the good old soul fled in affright, leaving behind the contested trophies of war, upon which the victor promptly proceeded to wreak unbridled vengeance. I was powerless to prevent the complete destruction of both overshoes. The soles were torn from their bodies.

My fellow-students visited me frequently during the period of my convalescence, and by recounting tales of gay adventure, of concerts and entertainments I had missed, of the Christmas life and bustle on the streets, and of the glorious, bracing Winter weather, helped to make my confinement and solitude yet more of a torture. These consolatory visits usually ended in a game of poker.

One evening, while we were engaged in this occupation, the landlady burst into the room to inform me that Prof. Langenbart, my teacher, was coming upstairs, presumably to pay me a visit. A few moments later he stood in the doorway, hat in hand.

Howell and Wood sat at the piano playing a duet. Carr was deep in the study of Richter's "Manual of Harmony," while I was arguing hotly with Taylor, claiming that the German school of singing was infinitely superior to the Italian (which I did not believe, by the way). The cover was on the table, and books were strewn in careless profusion over the places where the chips of the winners were likely to show.

Prof. Langenbart was forced to pound his cane loudly on the floor before we were aware of his presence. We were very sorry we had not heard him come in; we were so interested in our various occupations. Would Professor be seated? Would he allow Carr to take his hat, and Taylor his cane? Would he like a cup of tea? It was no trouble; we could make it in a jiffy.

The Professor turned a deaf ear to our invitations. He could stay only a moment; he had come to inquire about my health; he was glad to see us employing our time so usefully; if only all his pupils were so conscientious; Americans are so persevering; and when did I expect to resume lessons?

Soon we were engaged in general conversation, and after some ten minutes, Prof. Langenbart remarked that it was time he should be going. Summoning to my aid the best German I knew, I had just begun to thank him in flowery terms for his kindness and condescension, when I saw Schnuckchen rise from his cushion near the stove, deliberately saunter to the table, and fasten his teeth in the edge of the cover.

We all saw it. I called to Schnuckchen; I jumped towards him. Too late! A quick tug, another, and the cover was on the floor. The cards, chips and cigarettes lay revealed.

Prof. Langenbart gasped, then gazed at me in mute, shocked astonishment. I uttered an imbecile laugh. Wood began to explain incoherently. Carr reached for his hat and overcoat.

"Your parents shall hear of this," cried the Professor, in a voice of thunder. "You are a band of imposters, do you hear?"

We all heard, but no one answered. In fact, before we had a chance for further explanations, the enraged old gentleman had stormed out of the room, slamming the door violently, and leaving behind him a parting volley of professorial German invectives.

No sooner had he left than we one and all fell upon the rascal who had been guilty of the treacherous exposure. We smote him hip and thigh. Wood threw him downstairs, and Howell flung my bootjack after him. We could hear Schnuckchen's yelps of agony as he rolled down the stairs and limped into the courtyard.

The humor of the situation soon overcame our rage, and we all felt sorry for resenting so forcefully what Schnuckchen probably considered the greatest joke he had ever played. A committee of two was organized and empowered to ascertain Schnuckchen's whereabouts, tender him our humble apologies, and request the pleasure of his company for the balance of the evening.

The committee soon returned without Schnuckchen, but with a vital message from Mrs. Schmidt. She sent her most respectful compliments and begged to inform us that we were a gang of barbarous savages, cruel wretches, heartless Hottentots and ruthless American Indians. She also wished us to know that she was poor, but German and honest, and, thank God, she knew how to treat dumb animals. She sent her most humble respects to me in particular, and hoped I would ease my conscience by coming to see Schnuckchen before he died of dislocation of the spine and curvature of the breast-bone.

I visited him next day, and found him greatly changed. His manner towards me was uncompromising, icy. I endeavored to explain, to apologize, but he remained silent. He even growled and showed his teeth. Convinced, then, that we could never again be friends, I resolved to give him away. That same afternoon Schnuckchen became the property of my tailor, against whom I entertained a lasting grudge.

I saw Schnuckchen only once during the next few months. When he recognized me, he turned his head and crossed to the other side of the street.

One cold March night I came home late, after having tramped about in six inches of snow. Filling my pipe, I lay on the sofa and dozed, enjoying the pleasant warmth from the great porcelain stove.

I was awakened by a familiar whine, and a faint scratching sound outside my door. I went to look, and there, on the mat at the threshold, lay a small dark object that wriggled delightedly when I lifted it in my arms and carried it to the cushion near the stove.

It was Schnuckchen, bruised and broken by a cruel wagon that had passed over one of his legs.

He licked my hand and looked up into my eyes. Then he sighed quiveringly, stretched his tiny legs, and rolled over on his side, dead.

Yes, Schnuckchen had come, weak and frozen, wet-eyed and snow-covered, generous and forgiving, to die on the old cushion where he had whiled away so many happy hours.

Ah! Schnuckchen, thou art a spirit now! If thy disembodied presence be near me at this moment, thou wilt know that one mortal loved thee here below; that thou didst leave behind a true and sorrowing friend; and that thy departure from this terrestrial realm was neither unwept nor unsung!

LEONARD LIEBLING.

PIANO AND FORTE.

Busoni has lately played in several cities of Belgium and Holland, and was everywhere proclaimed one of the greatest pianists of our day. Every new European success of Busoni but accentuates the myopia of Boston's critics, who had the great pianist under their very noses for some years, and entirely failed to discover his towering significance.

Of a Sherwood pupil, the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" recently said: "That there are good piano-teachers in America was shown beyond doubt by the playing of Miss Georgia Kober in her recital at Steinway Hall. She gave an intelligent and artistic interpretation to a long and exacting programme, of which the chief number was the concerto in A minor by Godard."

Mme. Schiller played last week in Boston, another city where her former pianistic deeds are gratefully remembered. The "Advertiser" said: "She played the Brahms sonata with something of the authority that one might imagine in the interpretations of a Clara Schumann! There was a ripeness and force in her work that commanded respect."

After Joseffy's recent initial recital in New Haven, he said to a friend: "I was very nervous, as this is the first recital programme I have played in nearly ten years. It was fortunate for me that I had a friendly audience as listeners. Their sympathy was an inspiration to me." Joseffy will play for the same kind of an audience in New York, where he has an unlimited number of friends that

believe him the greatest pianist, in spite of the triumphs of Paderewski, Rosenthal and Sauer.

Of Sauer's recital not long ago in Pittsburg, Ethelbert Nevin said: "It is positively refreshing to have the much-abused pianoforte handled in a careful manner. Sauer, in his concert Monday evening, made music, and we didn't care if he didn't play the Berceuse, but a Chopin nocturne instead, and we didn't care for anything. He caressed the keyboard. He showed his grit as an artist in giving the F sharp 'Impromptu' of Chopin as an encore. Only real artists do things like that, and let us all doff our hats and say to Mr. Sauer, 'You make music.'"

After Mr. Edward Baxter Perry's recent recital in Providence, R. I., a local critical light penned these forceful words: "Mr. Perry is a remarkable performer. Had he chanced to have the good fortune to be born in Poland, or Hungary, or Kamschatka, or some other out-of-the-way corner of the world, he could easily, with a little judicious advertising, tour this country triumphantly and make a fortune in a season for himself and a smart manager. His playing is admirable from every point of view."

The Rochester "Democrat and Chronicle," whose musical criticisms rank with the best in the country, stamped Carreño's playing with this just estimate: "There are honest doubts as to who is king of the piano-playing world. There is no doubt whatever as to who is its queen. Teresa Carreño wears the royal diadem—wears it easily, gracefully, worthily, with none to dispute her right or even to harbor an ungenerous thought toward her supremacy."

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, one of Canada's very best pianists, who spent four years in Vienna, with Leschetizky, and played with success in various German and Austrian cities, will be heard in a recital at Knabe Hall, New York, on April 28.

Miss Isabel Kearsing, a pupil of Xaver Scharwenka, recently made her public debut in Roselle, N.J., and seems to have achieved quite some success. The local paper remarked: "The audience was first critical, then enthusiastic."

A Colorado Springs paper appraises Godowsky in no uncertain terms. It says: "There is no doubt that Godowsky is the greatest of all the artists who have been heard here this Winter. It ill becomes any writer to attempt to criticize such perfect work."

Reisenauer has finished his recitals in Berlin, and his success continued throughout the entire series. There is no doubt that he must be ranked with the greatest of the Liszt pupils.

Mr. Richard Burmeister gave an interesting and successful recital on Thursday of last week, before the Harlem Philharmonic Society, at the Harlem Y. M. C. A., New York. Mr. Burmeister used a splendid Everett grand piano.

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MADELINE SCHILLER.



For Publishers' Announcements, see Page 24.

GRAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

**Celebration of the 25th Anniversary,
Waldorf-Astoria, April 24, 1899**

The celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Grand Conservatory of Music, which will take place at the Waldorf-Astoria on the 24th inst., promises to be a noteworthy incident in the musical history of this city.

The programme which will be offered is of the highest order of excellence, well befitting the auspicious occasion, and includes the following artists:

1. MISS MARGUERITE HALL, - Soprano.
2. MR. EDOUARD BROMBERG, - Basso Cantante.
3. MR. HANS KRONOLD, - Cellist.
4. MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD, - Pianist.
5. THE KALTENBORN STRING QUARTETTE.

The primary object of this celebration is the furtherance of free musical education to talented students, and to provide adequate accommodations for the purpose.

Addresses will be given by Governor Roosevelt, Chancellor McCracken, and Rev. Madison C. Peters. Great interest is being evinced by the music-loving and cultured society, and the celebration cannot fail to be highly successful.

New York, April 22, 1899.

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

Chapter XII.—A Distinction and a Difference.

What is the influence on the fortunes of a singer, player or musical enterprise, of a "puff" or of "abuse?"

'Tis a nice point, and there are a good many people interested in its elucidation.

My own opinion is that no amount of praise can make a poor singer or player successful, nor can any amount of abuse make a great artist fail. If it were otherwise, life would not be worth living.

Let me give you a practical illustration:

As we all know, there is a fat, industrious, scheming, money-grabbing little man in this town by the name of Marc Bloomin' Humbug. He runs a printing office, an alleged musical paper, a choir agency, a "puff" factory and a repair shop for damaged reputations. He claims that he can do a great deal—for spot cash!

Let us see what he has accomplished this season.

He started in as the silent partner of Mr. R. E. Johnston to give some Sunday concerts at the Metropolitan. Johnston busted, so did the concerts, even Mme. Jacoby's charms could not save them.

Then he backed Carl Loewenstein, and put his brother, a bassoon player, in as Loewenstein's partner. Promptly the Waldorf-Astoria concert season collapsed, so did Loewenstein after the first Paur Sunday concert, while the bassoon player went around on his uppers.

Then he got a leading pianoforte house to back Paur, but it was no use. The Sunday concerts had to be abandoned, and the Paur Symphony season closed with the dispersion of the orchestra.

He boomed Hugo Heinz, the baritone, who scored a fiasco d'estime. He also boomed Mlle. Marchesi, who scored a succès de fiasco. He boomed Carl, the organist, and the critics cut him to pieces, as they did Mme. Jacoby, whom he specially featured. He wrote up Willy Burmester as the modern Paganini, and Willy promptly fell down. He went out of his way to prophesy a most gorgeous season for Henry Wolfsohn, the manager, who had only one winner—Rosenthal.

He extolled Alexander Lambert to the skies; the effect was to make Lambert want to sell out his college and go back to Poland. He printed columns about Ovide Musin's new violin school, with the result that Ovide left for Europe before the season was half over.

With a great flourish of trumpets he announced Philip Hale as his Boston correspondent. After a brief experience, Mr. Hale resigned, to be succeeded by Ben Woolf, who has also resigned.

This was the effect of his "booming!"

Now, let us look at the effect of his damning and abusing, for which he enjoys an international reputation.

He tried to break up Victor Herbert's season in Pittsburgh. Promptly Victor made the success of his life.

He poured an ocean of filth over Frau Galski. Promptly she scored so tremendous a success that Grau has engaged her for London, while every time she sang the house was crowded.

He tried to tear Mme. Lili Lehmann to shreds. Promptly the public took Mme. Lehmann up and pre-

sented her with a set of diamonds, in memory of a most successful season.

He caused his satellites to abuse Gertrude May Stein, the contralto, in the cities where she sang. As a result, Miss Stein has been enabled to buy a valuable piece of real estate with the money she earned this year.

He showered the de Reszkes, Grau and the opera with abuse and indecency.

Promptly the public made the opera such a success that the stockholders earned 100 per cent., Grau paid his old debts, while the De Reszkes will go back to Europe with over \$100,000 between them!

In short, whatever and whomever he boomed—failed; while whatever and whomever he abused—succeeded.

On the other hand, MUSICAL AMERICA took precisely the opposite course to Mr. Bloomin' Humbug's musical sheet.

MUSICAL AMERICA denounced Manager Johnston's methods, prophesied the failure of Carl Loewenstein and the Paur concerts; denied the claims of Hugo Heinz, Mlle. Marchesi, Willy Burmester, Signor Carl and Mme. Jacoby.

At the same time, MUSICAL AMERICA boomed the opera, Grau, the de Reszkes, Van Dyck, Frau Galski, Miss Stein, and stood up for all those attacked by Mr. Bloomin' Humbug.

Surely there's a lesson in this, a lesson that musicians should take to heart.

JOHN C. FREUND.

PROMINENT CHICAGO MUSICIAN DEAD.

Prof. Hans Balatka Expires Suddenly of Heart Disease.

Hans Balatka, probably the oldest music teacher in Chicago, a composer and well-known music critic, died at 2 o'clock Monday morning at his residence, No. 216 Fremont street. He was apparently in the best of health when he retired, but toward midnight his wife was awakened by his heavy breathing. A physician was summoned, but it was too late.

The aged musician was born in Hoffnungsthal, Austria, in 1826. He received his musical education in the universities and academies of Olmuetz and Vienna. While still in Europe he was the leader of various famous musical societies, and studied under some well-known virtuosos. During the Austrian revolution, in 1850, he left his native country and came to Milwaukee. There he started the first musical society of the Cream City.

Back in the '60's he organized the famous Chicago Oratorical Society, and conducted its events with such a degree of success as to give Chicago standing and reputation in the musical world. He also conducted the Saengerfest of North America in 1865 with great success, and repeated his triumph in 1881, on the latter occasion presenting the greatest singers of Germany and America, supported by a chorus of 2,200 voices. This event was considered the masterpiece of his career.

Three years ago, the various German singing societies celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a musical leader. He was the predecessor of Theodore Thomas, leading the symphony concerts before the Chicago Orchestra concerts became famous. But yesterday he wrote his weekly music criticism for the Sunday edition of the "Freie Presse," to which paper he was a constant contributor.

His wife, four sons and one daughter survive him.

A CABLE FROM PADEREWSKI.

COLOGNE, Ap. 18.

STEINWAY, N. Y.

Heute clavier Jeder Beziehung prachtvoll Herzlichste Gruesse.

(Translation.)

PADEREWSKI.

STEINWAY, N. Y.

Piano arrived to-day. Magnificent in every respect. Heartiest congratulation.

PADEREWSKI.

THE RECORD SMASHED.

PITTSBURG, PA., April 19, 1899.

The four performances of the Grau Opera Company closed to-night with "Die Walküre." Receipts nearly \$30,000, which breaks all the records. The company go to Philadelphia to-morrow to give a farewell performance of "Tristan und Isolde."

Heinroth Recitals.—Mr. Chas. Heinroth, the well-known organist, gave an interesting and successful recital at the Church of the Ascension, New York, on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Heinroth proved himself a true organ virtuoso, revealing both technical finish and musical insight. His next recital will be given on May 3, at the same place.

Joseffy Recital.—The only New York recital of Rafael Joseffy, to take place Thursday, April 27th, at Carnegie Hall, will attract one of the most representative audiences of the season. There are many music-lovers for whom Joseffy represents the ideal of pianistic perfection, and these persons seldom attend the recitals of other pianists. Mr. Joseffy has chosen a most trying programme, but it is safe to say, even now, that it will be the medium through which he will win one of the greatest triumphs of his famous career.

MUSIC AND WAR.

American Singer Hissed in Spain.

Emma Nevada, the widely known American prima donna, has just arrived in Paris from Seville, bringing with her a story of brutality toward her by an audience at the Royal Opera House there.

Because of the humiliations to which she was subjected, she cancelled a six months' engagement to sing in Spain, although the Queen Regent tried to repair the wrong inflicted by her subjects.

"Though all of the seats in the Opera House were sold for my opening night," said Mme. Nevada, "and engagements were made that would more than fill the place, there was no one, excepting detectives and policemen in the house during the whole of the first act. The opera was 'Lucia.'

"In marked disrespect the audience came in for the second act, and the house was crowded. The women, however, turned their backs on me, and would not look at the stage. The effort to insult me was so obvious that the English Consul called on me between the acts and talked with me of the unpleasant situation.

"My dear girl," he said to me, 'you must get out of here.'

"I was determined to stay until the opera had been sung, and I did so; but at its conclusion the audience turned on me furiously, and hurled all sorts of abuse at me. I found that where I had once warm friends, I now had practically none. I paid visits to old friends, but they declined to make return visits.

"Well, the upshot of it was that the city and country were unbearable, and I canceled my six months' engagement and started for Paris. When I reached Madrid the news had preceded me and had reached the ear of the Queen. She tried to make up for the insult, inviting me to a soirée and presenting me with a gold bracelet. I certainly do not think that it would be pleasant in Spain for an American diplomat at this time. Perhaps the bitter feeling will die out later."

Emma Nevada is a native of Nevada and a thorough American. Her first appearance on the stage, which was at Grass Valley, Cal., was most patriotic. In aid of a local charity, she sang the "Star Spangled Banner," standing on a table and wrapped in an American flag. She was then three years old.

In 1878, Miss Nevada made a tour of the principal cities of Spain, and was so warmly received that she counts that season the most brilliant of her career. At Madrid the Queen attended the opera to hear her sing, it being the first time Her Majesty had been to the theatre in many years.

In commenting on the occurrence, the New York "Times" stated editorially that Mme. Nevada should have known better than to go to Spain at this time. The "Times" exactly voices the sentiment of MUSICAL AMERICA.

BANKS GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

Another successful and well-attended concert was given on Tuesday evening, at Carnegie Hall, by the Banks Glee Club, and, as usual, the singing of the organization, which was fully up to its customary high standard, was rewarded with most enthusiastic applause.

The soloists of the evening were Miss Charlotte Maconda, little Bessie Silberfeld and Mr. Hubert Arnold, and the excellent accompanist was Mr. Emile Levy.

Miss Maconda's singing made one wish for the presence of Mr. Warren Davenport, Boston correspondent of MUSICAL AMERICA, who would have found in it glorious material for one of his valuable and caustic "Object Lessons." What Miss Maconda did not do is so much more than what she did, that her work calls for no detailed criticism.

That talented slip of a girl, Miss Bessie Silberfeld, who has received the best musical nurture at the hands of Mr. Wm. N. Semmacher, delighted the audience with her facile fingers and her refined interpretations. A peculiar and interesting feature of her performance was the fact that she used one of the new Everett concert-grand pianos, which, even in such a large and trying auditorium as Carnegie Hall, and though manipulated by a child, preserved all the fullness, sonority and carrying power of tone for which it has become distinguished.

Mr. Arnold's violin numbers were very well received, and he was liberally applauded.

Pappenheim Pupil Procures Position.—Miss Augusta Northup, a pupil of Mme. Pappenheim, New York, has been engaged as contralto soloist of the Nostrand Avenue Methodist Church, in Brooklyn.

Arion Concert.—On Sunday evening, the Arion Society, New York, gave its third concert of the season. The soloists were Franz Kneisel, Miss Sara Anderson and Herr Mühlmann. There was a large audience and much applause.

Pupils to Perform.—Prof. Ed. Mollenhauer, the well-known violinist and teacher, will give a concert at the Christian Science Hall, Eighty-second street and West End avenue, New York, on May 18, assisted by his pupils and the vocal pupils of Mr. J. B. Zellman.

Wilkinson Wanders.—Mr. Walter O. Wilkinson, the present organist of Bloomingdale Reformed Church, New York, who has been identified with New York musical life for twenty-six years, will leave the metropolis, May 1, to accept a position as organist and choirmaster of All Saints' Church, in Richmond, Va. Mr. Wilkinson's work in New York, particularly his presentation at St. Michael's Church, of cantatas and oratorios, with orchestra, will not soon be forgotten. As a composer, also, he leaves pleasant memories. At the last private concert of the Manuscript Society, his two songs, "The Return of Love" and "Song of the Fisher-maiden," were exceptionally well received.

MUSICAL SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 12, 1899.

The Bostonians are singing in their fourth week at the Columbia Theatre in their old standby, "Robin Hood," to enthusiastic houses. They only stay here one week longer. Barnabee, McDonald and Studley came to my room the other day and heard a second reading of Mr. J. Minkowsky's opera, "The Smuggler," with the music of which they were delighted. If the libretto can be found satisfactory, there is no doubt they will accept and produce the work. They justly consider it one of the most original and striking compositions they have ever had offered them. It is replete with the spirit of the modern school of Italian music; nothing commonplace or trite in its structure or melodic forms. Its choruses are admirably worked up, the polyphonic texture being masterly. The melodies are original and sincere, evincing genius and great talent in construction. There is a particularly beautiful intermezzo.

Personally, I am extremely glad to have the merits of Minkowsky discovered and recognized. So I hope this interest in his work by the Bostonians may lead to a further development of talent that ought not to be dormant for lack of encouragement. It is not unlikely that the young man is capable of work that would do credit to Mascagni or Puccini, even though he is merely an American citizen.

He has another opera in process, two acts of which are already written. I have just seen and tried the intermezzo for this newer work and find it worthy to compare most favorably with the one in "Pagliacci," which it resembles in form, but surpasses in melodic simplicity.

I may be over sanguine regarding all this, but I confess to being a thorough convert to the school of "La Bohème," which work, though I have heard it a dozen times, I would rather hear again to-night than any opera of my acquaintance.

If accounts from Europe are correct, as I glean from the columns of "Il Teatro," of Milan, nearly all the opera houses on the Continent are giving three times as many performances of Puccini's work as of all other operas combined; so my particular preference seems fashionable, to say the least.

I noticed that "La Bohème" had a prominent place on Melba's piano, and seemed to hold first place in her affections, being the only thing she sang from while I was her guest. By the way, Mme. Melba expressed great hopes of "La Tosca," which she intends to investigate during her vacation in Europe. Her comprehensive musical attainments, she being such a good pianist, with an appreciation of harmonic structure rather unusual in singers, may account in some degree for her esteeming the new works, wherein harmony is so conspicuous an element.

The Southwell Opera Company, at the Grand Opera House, are doing much better in their second week, with a particularly lavish production of "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." People are slowly discovering how really good the performances of this troupe are.

There is a prejudice against the locality, and the house, though very elegant, is so large that a sort of chilly look attends numerous empty seats, even though many people are present. Despite all this, things seem to be looking up.

I find the company more attractive upon further acquaintance. Next week "Erminie" is promised; then "El Capitan." Mr. Southwell is seriously thinking of "La Bohème," which, being more familiar here than in any other American city, ought to do well. It will be more expensive, as it necessitates an increased orchestra to give it as well as we are accustomed to hearing it.

There is considerable activity in concerts just now. Last night Herr Herman Genss, a Berlin pianist, teacher and conductor, who wishes to locate in the Golden West, introduced himself with an invitation recital of piano classics at Sherman-Clay Hall. He had a large attendance of guests, and played a long and arduous programme in a musicianly and interesting manner, quite establishing his claim to distinguished consideration. San Francisco has always been easily susceptible to the worship of strange gods with considerable devotion—until a newer one appears, before whom to fall down, then we turn our faces from the elder deity and permit the light of his countenance to illumine our backs. As this is a sort of jumping-off place, fugitive divinities from the effete East and Europe arrive here with such rapid sequence that one can scarcely establish his cult ere another appears and bedims his effulgence. Mr. Genss has wisely wasted no time in revealing himself.

H. M. BOSWORTH.

Baltimore Symphony.—Of the fifth concert of the season by the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, the "Sun" says: "There was present an audience that nearly filled the auditorium. It was, as far as the audience was concerned, the most successful entertainment of Mr. Jungnickel's series."

Milwaukee Music.—Mrs. Norman Hoffman, pianist, assisted by Jan Van Oordt, violinist, gave a very interesting and successful recital recently at the Athenæum. The "Journal" commented as follows on the work of the two popular artists: "Mrs. Hoffman has so greatly improved of late years that her playing has quite deservedly won for her prominence and artistic popularity among Milwaukee's music-lovers. Mr. Van Oordt was at his best, especially in the Tartini sonata, which he played in a purely and undeniably classical manner, arousing the audience to great enthusiasm."

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AMERICA'S BLIND PIANIST.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17, 1899.

EDITOR MUSICAL AMERICA:

Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, of Boston, the famous blind pianist, gave one of his unique lecture-recitals in this city, in the Temple College Music Hall, recently. It was attended by the students of the institution and their friends, and by many of the representative musicians of Philadelphia. The charm of his descriptive language made quite as strong an impression as his masterly playing. Mr. Perry has general intelligence of a high order, great emotional power, and a technic more than adequate to the performance of what he undertakes. With this combination he gave an interpretation of Beethoven's sonata, op. 53, of great breadth and power, and not to be easily surpassed. In Grieg's Troll Dance, from "Peer Gynt," the performer's own transcription, he made a splendid effect. Mr. Perry's sympathies are most strongly enlisted in the music of Chopin, and in his playing of the Etudes, especially Nos. 7 and 11, he reached a towering height; in the latter his finished technic and tremendous sweep of movement are to be equaled by those pianists among the elect few. It seems pertinent here, since so much discussion has arisen over the extravagantly paid foreign artists, to ask why such able Americans as Mr. Perry, and certain others, are comparatively passed by for Europeans whose artistic ability is not so impressive as the number of consonants often found in their names.

But, perhaps, Mr. Perry will be more fully recognized in his own country since the stamp of high approval has been placed upon him in the great musical centres of Europe, where he gave a series of concerts last season. The Paris "Messenger" says of him: "He is entitled to a high rank among the great players of the world." The Berlin "Times": "He has added another to the limited list of American successes in Berlin." The Dresden "Guide": "At the end of a season of exceptional musical treats, it fell to the lot of two Americans, Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, of Boston, and Mr. W. L. Hubbard, of Chicago, to give one of the most interesting concerts of this winter. The one succeeded by his marvelous technic, depth of feeling and velvety touch, and the other with his powerful and melodious bass voice, in retaining the rapt attention of a large and critical audience for nearly two hours. The Barcarolle by Rubinstein and the Etudes by Chopin became, under his magic touch, perfect productions of musical lace work, while the heavier numbers kept the audience spellbound by the depth of feeling and wealth of tonal coloring instilled into them by this remarkable artist. Of no other pianist in America of his high rank can it be said, as of Mr. Perry, that his engagements have become so numerous that he has been obliged to give his time exclusively to concert work, having played about 1,400 concert programmes in something over ten years, surpassing even Gottschalk's record. Here is quality and quantity deserving more than passing recognition. And when the magnificent successes of Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler and Carreño in Europe are added to those of Mr. Perry, it would seem that musical America would begin to investigate what manner of artist has been produced within its own borders. Perhaps it will. Let us hope.

AMERICA.

DANGERS OF BERLIN.

One who is well versed in Berlin's life and doings, and who enjoys a large acquaintance with American students residing in the German capital, recently wrote some sound words of advice that should be read by every young woman who intends to study abroad: "The young, impressionable girl who comes abroad for the first time, and lives in defiance of European custom, unchaperoned and under none of the restraints which surround German girls in their own homes, has to bear a great deal of natural criticism from the people around her. If she be sensible, and conform as closely as she is able to existing customs, she will get on fairly well, but, even then, she is often told by her German friends that, as an American, she can do anything she likes, and, afterward, misled by these counsels, has to bear the harshest judgments on the conduct of American girls abroad. If, however, she is not sensible, and purposely sets herself to follow her home habits in the German capital, the dangers are greatly multiplied, and she often finds herself in very equivocal positions. If she be a student of music, she revels, without attention to the proprieties of time and place, in the opportunities of musical enjoyment, gets a peep into a certain artistic life that fascinates her, tastes more or less deeply of the Bohemianism that prevails in such circles, and carries back to her own country standards of conduct which, while they are not the best German standards, are those which she has acquired in Germany, and are certainly not those of her own land. This is not by any means the rule with our American young women, but cases of the kind are frequent enough to demand consideration when one makes an estimate of the dangers to be encountered in an unprotected life abroad."

Up-to-date Organist.—A well-known firm of London music publishers received a few days ago a letter from the organist of a church in New London, Conn., preferring the following request: "Would you kindly inform me how a letter will reach Mr. Ben Jonson, author of song words, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes?'"

Penurious Publisher.—The London "Daily News" says that Mascheroni's ballad, "For all Eternity," the copyright of which has just been sold by private contract for £2,240, was originally offered to a London music publisher for £10 and was refused. But then the publisher could not, of course, have had the remotest idea that the song would afterwards take the fancy of Mme. Patti, who by singing it made its fortune.

MUSICAL MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, April 17, 1899.

So the Kneisel Quartet, after practising for years and years, and after being recognized by the critics on this continent, as well as abroad, as being one of the greatest organizations of its kind in existence, was told by a yellow musical journal of New York to leave Beethoven alone and Smetana to the Bohemian Quartet; as though the writer of that stuff had ever heard the Bohemian Quartet. All we know of the Bohemian Quartet is through the correspondent of that paper from the Continent. There is an organization of that name, and it is supposed to be a reliable one; but he never mentioned that it was superior to the Kneisel.

Why, then, could the Kneisel Quartet play Beethoven last season, and not play it now? Surely, they are the same artists, the same instruments, and it is the same Beethoven. The Kneisel Quartet will not be injured by such a criticism, for that paper cannot do any harm, nor can it do any good. It has been nagging for several seasons past against the opera in New York; but, nevertheless, the season past has been one of the most successful ones in the history of New York. Nor did it do any good to Willy Burmeister, an overrated fiddler, who was called by a certain correspondent of that paper "The Modern Paganini," but who proved a dead failure here. Little Willy left the country without even saying good-by. I am sure the Kneisel Quartet, great as it is, will give as many concerts next season as it did in the past, and will receive its due criticism in the legitimate journals, such as MUSICAL AMERICA, and the concerts will be appreciated by every honest musician.

The French Opera Company, which has been giving a season of grand opera in New Orleans and many Western cities, was brought here by Mr. Murphy to Her Majesty's Theatre for a three weeks' engagement. The organization is doubtless one of the best of its kind that has ever visited this city. The two weeks past have been most successful artistically, as well as financially. The best performance given so far was "Aida." Mme. Fiérens is a dramatic soprano of high attainments. Her performance as Aida, vocally and histrionically, was most dignified. She received tremendous applause, and she fully deserved it. M. Gibert, as Rhadames, was satisfactory. The rest of the cast were capable. The chorus and orchestra, though at times weak, were, nevertheless, satisfactory.

Some of the principals gave a sacred concert last night, with the assistance of the orchestra, which played the "Tannhäuser" Overture with a good deal of precision, but Schubert's unfinished symphony very indifferently.

The way the concert of the Ladies' Morning Musicales was written up by the local correspondent of the "Musical Courier" looks as though he simply copied a bill poster, for there are a great many members of that club, such as Mrs. Shaw, Miss Abbott and Mrs. Stanway, who deserved more than merely mentioning of their names. Perhaps the writer attended the concert himself, but as he is no musician, he could not have done any better than he did. I know he knows a lot about bank notes, but knows nothing of music notes. A full account of the work of that club will be given in this column next season.

HARRY B. COHN.

Item for De Koven.—Probably the most profitable operetta ever written is Lecocq's "Madame Angot." In its present revival in Paris it has already passed its 150th performance. It has been given over 1,200 times in the French capital, and about 25,000 times the world over.

Blauvelt Bits.—Mme. Lillian Blauvelt is delighting German audiences with her fine voice. A Cologne critic goes into ecstasies over its beauty, declaring that it is as charming as her face. Her success in that city is declared to have been sensational by the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik." She sang at a Gürzenich concert, and had to add two encores. In Frankfurt her success was equally great.

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CINCINNATI.

CHICAGO.

MUSICAL BOSTON.

BOSTON, April 17, 1899.

The twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented the following programme: Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; three sonata movements, Bach, orchestrated by Gericke; symphonic poem, "The Moldau," Smetana, and symphony in D minor, Cesar Franck.

The latter was given for the first time in Boston. It is a work that excites interest and requires more than one hearing before the listener can speak analytically of its value in symphonic art.

The impression that one gets after a first hearing is that of a serious, intense composer, deficient in sustained melodic form, one whose profound knowledge and marked individuality is displayed in interrupted and restless polyphony, repeated time and again with unsatisfactory results.

A pall of melancholy o'erspreads the entire work. The orchestra played it splendidly, and Mr. Gericke is to be thanked for its exposition among the familiar works that have crowded this season's programmes.

The three Bach movements, skilfully and judiciously arranged for orchestra by Gericke, were agreeable numbers, delightfully played.

Both the Cherubini and Smetana selections were presented in the orchestra's best style.

In fact, all the readings and interpretation on this occasion reflected credit upon Gericke and the orchestra, compared with the previous general cast of the season's work.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the eminent music critic, scored a success at Steinert Hall, on the afternoon of April 13, as a lecturer, the occasion being the first of a series of three lecture-recitals given in conjunction with Mrs. Grenville Snelling, the well-known soprano, of New York.

The subject of the lecture was the "Songs of France." Mr. Henderson briefly and interestingly sketched the origin and development of the French song in so entertaining and agreeable a manner that his audience was at once put in good humor and aided in an appreciation of the instructive and interesting matter presented.

Mrs. Snelling gave in illustration a most intelligent and tasteful interpretation of the various songs, ancient and modern, adding to the effect of the former through gestures of theatrical unction, if not of opera-bouffe flavor.

There was much to praise in her singing, although it was permeated with that conventional nasal twang so generally identified with the use of the French language in singing.

This affectation of the prolonged nasal is needless, wrong and unvoiced. The demands of the language do not require this exaggerated perversion, while vocal art cries out against its abusive practice.

The imparting of an almost constant tremolo did not enhance the value of the singer's effort.

Mr. Joseph Pizzarello played the accompaniments in a most delightful manner.

Mr. Henderson and his associates will find an eager and appreciative audience on the occasion of their second and third appearances, when German songs and English songs, respectively, will be the subject of discourse and illustration.

The Kneisel Quartet gave the last concert of its fourteenth season on the evening of April 10 at Association Hall.

Mr. Rosenthal assisted in the B flat trio, op. 97, by Beethoven, and Mr. H. Heberlein, 'cellist, assisted in the Schubert quintet, op. 123.

Mr. Rosenthal proved to be an admirable chamber player, his effort being one of the utmost discretion in nearly every instance. The Schubert quintet was delightfully played. The season just closed has proved one of the most interesting that Mr. Kneisel and his associates have given their patrons.

Mme. Madeline Schiller gave a piano-recital at Steinert Hall on the afternoon of April 11. This charming lady was greeted by a host of friends, delighted to again listen to her playing and show their undiminished interest in her welfare. The programme was practically the same given in the New York recital, noticed in the last *MUSICAL AMERICA*.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

MUSICAL ATLANTA.

ATLANTA, GA., April 12, 1899.

A most important musical event, and one which has been the greatest boon to musical interest and culture in Atlanta this year, is the organizing of the Atlanta Symphony Club, which was formally opened Tuesday night, April 11.

The occasion was a concert in the Grand Opera House by the Sappho Quartet, of Columbus, Ga., followed by a reception in the club-house, adjoining the Opera House.

The quartet is composed of the Misses Eloise Mooty, Emily Burroughs, Louise Seals and Mrs. Maude Reynolds-McClure—all Georgia ladies, and, as President Nutting said in introducing them, "They are Georgia-trained."

Their ensemble work was excellent, and reflected great credit on their director, J. Lewis Browne, of Columbus, Ga. They were ably assisted by Oliver Willard Pierce, A.M., pianist from Indianapolis, Ind.

In his heavier numbers he was somewhat handicapped by the lack of brilliancy in his instrument, but in his other numbers he found it in unison with his sympathetic touch. His interpretation of Chopin's Ballade in A flat was excellent and his technic good. He, as well as the quartet, received numerous recalls, and, in fact, the audience was in a constant state of applause.

No larger assemblage has gathered at the Grand this season.

BERTHA H. HARWOOD.

MUSICAL CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, April 18, 1899.

Last week the Castle Square Opera Company presented "Il Trovatore." In the matter of scenery, costumes and choral work the same excellence was attained as with "Faust," the opening opera.

Joseph Sheehan was a better Manrico than Faust. The role is better suited to his abilities, and his work was very favorably received.

Stewart makes a good-looking figure on the stage, and is a better actor than vocalist; but in opera the latter is preferable even to the total extinction of the former.

The Castle Square Company has adopted the system of changing principals to sing alternate nights, and decidedly advantageous is the plan, as an opportunity is given for voice recuperation. This week the bill is "Carmen." Walter Burridge has done some fine scenic work.

Tuesday evening, the Spiering Quartet played Brahms' A minor quartet, op. 51, No. 2; Beethoven's C major, op. 59, No. 3. Mrs. Fish-Griffin sang several songs by Brahms and F. Kies, playing her own accompaniments. No one will deny the artistic excellence of the Spiering Quartet, but at the same time those sufficiently interested cannot help deprecating the peculiar forgetfulness with which the business management seems to be afflicted in regard to important and necessary details.

Not long ago the "Daily News" printed stories of the way mercantile houses snubbed from managers and buyers "taking off" commissions as the price of patronage. The "News" could have gotten an interesting story from a certain printer, who says that in figuring the printing for a pretty well known orchestra he was obliged to figure in a commission for the manager of the organization. Besides a regular salary, the "manager" apparently can make a good thing on the side. It is, perhaps, not best for the general public to know names and full details of such things, for it would disturb confidence, besides rudely shattering popular idols.

Max Heinrichs gave his first song-recital in Central Music Hall last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Heinrichs sang a group of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Robert Franz and others.

Clarence Eddy has received the appointment of "official organist" for the United States to the Paris Exposition. The selection is a particularly happy one, as Eddy is on such good terms with France and French organists. The next thing in order is a nomination for "official pianist." There are plenty of Chicago musicians of big reputation and little ability to show off "l'Ecole Americaine du Musique," who would be glad to go, "officially" or otherwise, as pianists, or any old thing, for the matter of that.

Citizens of Evanston, Wilmette, Kenilworth, Oak Park and Joliet enjoyed an organ concert last week played in the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston. The matter was so arranged that people in the above towns heard the concert by telephone, and it was declared a great success. It is a great wonder the idea never suggested itself to Mr. F. Wight Neumann, or some one equally enterprising. A series of concerts or lectures could be given in a small room, thus obviating the expense of a public hall, and people with telephones would be only too glad to subscribe for the series. The scheme recommends itself because the auditor is not obliged to see the performer at work.

William Sherwood's last recital, Thursday afternoon, was indifferently patronized. Mr. Sherwood played in his usually scholarly manner, and the enthusiasm evoked was a just tribute to his excellent abilities as a concert pianist.

Some of the novelties on the programme did not prove interesting. Among them was a gavotte in canon form by S. N. Penfield, and a sonata by Felix Draesecke. The latter contains more learning than inspiration, and the former two possess but little attraction, and probably owe their place on the programme to the fact that they are dedicated to Mr. Sherwood.

W. P. Breckinridge has compiled and will publish shortly a pronouncing dictionary of the names of prominent musicians, actors, operas, and other matter pertaining, of interest to amateur and professional.

The Chicago Woman's Trio, consisting of Miss Winnifred Mitchell, piano; Miss Laura Rexford, violin, and Miss Elizabeth Pickens, 'cello, gave their fourth subscription concert in the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church last Thursday evening.

The Chicago Orchestra, now making a two weeks' tour of the South, will return to this city Saturday, April 24, to play an extra matinee, giving a "children's programme."

A paragraph is going the rounds that John Philip Sousa will not travel with his band next season, and may retire permanently. Somehow, John Philip's unkindness grows with his fame.

About every third paragraph in the Sunday papers' musical columns says that the "Persian Garden" was sung, or will be sung. It is all "sheet-iron stuff," and very interesting—hardly.

PHILIP J. MEHL.

Toledo Talent.—The music for the recent "Kirmess," that lasted a week, was furnished entirely by home artists, and high-class songs and instrumental performances took the place of the customary popular and dance music. Toledo's musical season is by no means over, coming attractions being Rosenthal, Sousa, and "Sada," the violin prodigy.



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MUSICAL CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, April 16, 1899.

Probably the greatest of the numerous mistakes of judgment and discretion which the Saengerfest Board has committed since its creation was, that it never even thought of recognizing the fact that the financial success of the Jubilee Saengerfest depends, to a great extent, upon the support which it will receive from the laboring men and the smaller business men of this city. The upper tennon fastidiously keeps itself aloof from a too close contact with anything that cannot possibly be construed into a "swell" society affair. German Saengerfests cannot claim that doubtful "distinction," and therefore are not liable to receive any support from that quarter. It is the bourgeoisie, the taxpaying element of the community, that furnishes the bone and sinew of such enterprises, and contributes, proportionately, the largest share of the financial support. By mere thoughtlessness and lack of tact the Board has succeeded in arousing the ire of the principal supporters of the festival, and, as matters stand at present, the success of the event is seriously threatened. What have the wise men of the Board done? Well, in the first place, they have offended the local union of musicians by engaging from outside an orchestra whose members are not union men. The original plan of the music committee was to bring the majority of musicians for the festival orchestra from outside and to use the local musicians merely to fill up. The local musicians resented this neglect by threatening with a boycott, and only by promptly making certain concessions did the music committee succeed in averting serious complications. Everything would have been serene had not the Board made the second mistake, of giving the contract for printing the souvenir, and for other printing and advertising work, to a concern employing non-union men. The consequence was, that the organized members of the allied printing trades of this city entered a formal complaint, which was taken up by the Central Labor Council. The different organizations affected held several stormy meetings, and gave energetic expression to the feelings which they entertain towards the Festival Board. Then came the strike of the carpenters employed in erecting the large festival hall. The strike may not materially interfere with the construction of that building, but it has added considerable fuel to the indignation among the organized laboring men of this city. The situation is becoming decidedly critical. The Central Labor Council has requested the Musicians' Protective Association to define its position in regard to the existing differences, and the musicians, who would have probably been willing to forget bygones and to give their support to the festival after all, will now be compelled to take a decided stand in the matter. It is understood that they will absolutely refuse to take part in the festival, unless the contract with the Chicago orchestra is rescinded. They will give as reason for that action, that, under the constitution of their union, they are positively prohibited to play with any other musicians not belonging to the union. The different labor organizations involved in the difficulties mentioned are fully determined to urge their demands, and in case of a refusal of the Board to recognize them, to organize a general boycott of the festival among all labor organizations of the city. Such a boycott would practically ruin the prospects of a successful financial result of the festival, and cause a large deficit. Everybody is watching with profound interest the gradual developments from day to day, and it is, indeed, a puzzling question, how the Board will wiggle out of its present dilemma.

Last Wednesday evening, the Apollo Club gave its third and last concert of the season at Scottish Rite Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. From a musical standpoint, it was one of the best and most interesting concerts of the season. Mr. B. W. Foley, the able conductor of the club, was evidently determined to show to the musical people of our city what wonderful results could be obtained from a well-trained chorus by careful and conscientious rehearsing. The two Madrigals in the second part of the programme especially were rendered with the most delightful freshness and spirit, and proved very effective. Mr. W. Y. Griffith and Miss Ida Smith-Lemmon were the soloists of the evening. Both are gifted and refined singers, and are members of the chorus.

ERNEST WELLECK.

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